

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Clawson Clara 24 33

No. 3.

FEBRUARY 1, 1898

Vol. XXXIII.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



GEORGE Q. CANNON

CONTENTS.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR (<i>Illustrated</i>) Dr. J. E. Talmage	105	HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN AMERICA	J. H. Ward	126
WAS IT A MIRACLE.....	109	TOPICS OF THE TIMES.....	The Editor	128
TREED BY A BEAR.....H. Allan Clark	113	A GREAT FAMINE.....S. A. Kenner.		131
BEDE.....	117	OUR LITTLE FOLKS:		
STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON (<i>Il- lustrated</i>).....	121	Baby Drill		133
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.....	124	For the Letter-Box		133

RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify, that I, Joseph Warburton, being a sufferer for more than 30 years with hernia, after using several different kinds of trusses I only received temporary relief. About eight years ago I underwent an operation, the doctor using the knife, I only received relief for the time being. On June 20th I went to the Fidelity Rupture Cure Co. and had their truss fitted to me and received my first treatment. I wore the truss night and day for five weeks and took six treatments. On July 25th I was discharged as cured and received my Certificate of Cure which is a guarantee for future exigencies.

While receiving treatment I attended to my business and daily occupation. I have discarded my truss, which is the first time in 30 years, and I feel that I am permanently cured.

Am desirous of asking any questions in regard to their method of treatment, please call at No. 667 South, Seventh East Street, and I will answer all questions.

JOSEPH WARBURTON,
Bishop First Ward.

FIDELITY RUPTURE CURE CO.,
Rooms 429-430 Atlas Block. Salt Lake City, Utah.

MAKE OUT YOUR BILL

SEND IT TO US FOR PRICES.

If Return Prices Suit
Send us Your Order.

Eleven Departments to Choose From.

See our Add. in "Young Woman's Journal."

We Ship to Ida., Wyo., Nev., Col., Ariz. and Utah.

*Many say we are the CHEAPEST House on Earth.***WEST'S MAIL ORDER HOUSE,**

Offices 205-206 Whitingham Block, Salt Lake City.

Please Mention this Paper when Ordering.

DR. O. B. HEWETT,

✻ THE LEADING DENTIST ✻



In the last 20 years nearly
20,000 fillings; not 25
have failed.

2,000 crowns, all perfect.

Over 800 bridges, all doing
good work today.

Filling and extracting
without pain.

Why not Patronize

THE BEST.**N. SMITH** ✻ ✻

Manufacturing Optician.



EYES TESTED FREE. - LOWEST PRICES
107 Main Street.

B. H. SCHETTLER,

23 Main Street.

Formerly connected with Zion's Savings
Bank, does a

General Banking Business,

and desires your accounts, both Savings and
Commercial. Interest paid on Savings Depo-
sits. STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD.

COLLECTIONS

MADE IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

HARK!

DO YOU WANT WORK? JOIN OUR PUSH! NEW SNAP! We want Good, Reliable Agents in every town, Gentlemen or Ladies. Does not matter where you are, you can work for us. Through our late offer we received orders from all over this state, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Old Mexico and Canada. We distributed lots of pictures, and good ones too. We make larger and better pictures for less money than any eastern concern, you can get orders in every home, new methods which makes canvassing a pleasure. No frames or cumbersome boxes to carry. We want to introduce our superior pictures to every home. We have agents that have taken as high as thirty orders in one day. Hustling and push does the business. You can build up an independent and paying business for your self. You can get more orders the second time than the first. Your money down; no waiting. Write at once for territory, enclosing 2 cent stamp for full particulars. Address

UTAH PORTRAIT CO., Office Calder's Music Palace.

PROFESSIONALS.

CONCERTS AND MUSICALS.



ORATORIO AND OPERA.

H. S. GODDARD, (Baritone).

Pupil of Geo. Sweet, New York Voice Culture and Artistic Singing

"Mr. Goddard possesses a mellow, well trained baritone voice, is a fine singer, and competent instructor."—Musical Courier, N. Y.

STUDIO in Constitution Building, Salt Lake City.



PROF. C. D. SCHETTLER
GUITAR VIRTUOSO.

TEACHER OF GUITAR AND MANDOLIN,
ARTISTIC PERFORMING A SPECIALTY.

Open for engagements and director of clubs.

*"Prof. Schettler is a consummate master of the Guitar."—
Denver News, Sept 1896.*

STUDIO 22 MAIN STREET.

Prof. J. J. McClellan,

Late of the Faculty of *
Ann Arbor Conservatory.

PIANO,

Studio

THEORY,

IN

AND

CONSTITUTION

ORGAN.

BUILDING.



Instructor of Music in L. D. S. College



WILLARD E. WEIHE.

Graduate from Conservatory of Music, Brussels, Belg.,
and pupil of DeAbna, Berlin, Germany.

Violin Instruction for beginners as well as
the advanced student.

214-215 CONSTITUTION BLDG.

See second page of advertisements of
Professionals.

PROFESSIONALS.

Arthur Shepherd,

Late Graduate of
New England Conservatory
of Music, Boston.



Teacher of Pianoforte.

229 & 230 Constitution Bldg.,
SALT LAKE CITY.

C. M. HARRIS,

VIOLINIST.



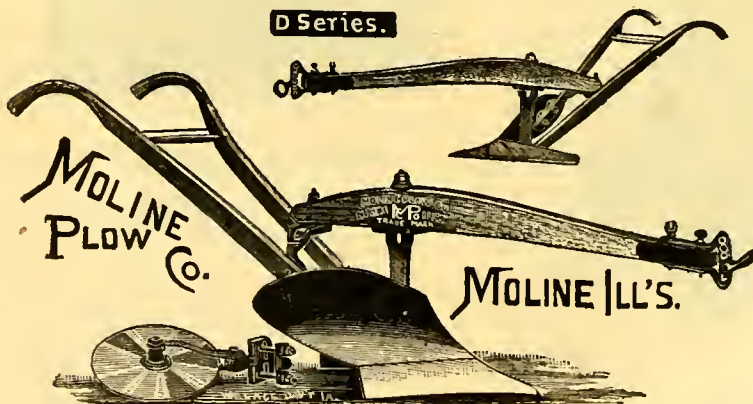
TEACHES THE

GENUINE GERMAN method of Violin playing, which he received in Berlin under the World Renowned teachers, Wirth and Hollander.

Studio, Room 414, Templeton Block,
Salt Lake City, - - - Utah.

UTAH IMPLEMENT COMPANY,

231 and 233 State St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

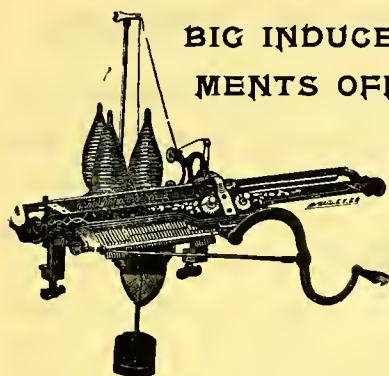


300 California New Style Steel Plows.

300 Moline Sco'ch Clipper Steel Plows.

We have a car load of Flying Dutchman Sulky and Gang Plows, Good Enough Sulky and High Flyer Sulky. 200 Steel Harrows with Runners. 200 Solid Steel Cultivators. Write for Circulars and Prices. They must be sold this Spring.

Start a Knitting Factory



**BIG INDUCE-
MENTS OFFERED**

Every town in the state should have a small

Knitting Factory. Making Hosiery, Mittens and all kinds of Underwear. Big profits and special inducements to right parties. Address

Knitting Factory,

25 W., First South St.

WHY

Is **SALT AIR BAKING**

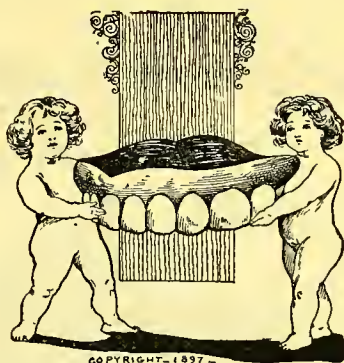
POWDER so popular,

is it the **Quality and**

Price

?

There must be a reason for it.



COME TO US

If you would have your teeth in perfect condition. We will make them as perfect as possible for them to be. We are modern dentists, and there is no necessity of dreading a visit to us. Our prices are satisfactory, and we suit the most economical. Parlors at 162 Main St., First floor of Auerbach Building. Rooms 200 and 201.

DR. E. M. KEYSOR.

A NEW PROBLEM

WE MAKE

Tailor Made Suits to Order	-	\$12.00 and up.
Full Dress Suits, -	-	30.00 "
Overcoats, -	-	12.00 "
Pants -	-	3.00 "

French Dry Cleaning, Repairing and Altering.

Suits Pressed, only	-	-	35 cts.
Pants Pressed, only	-	-	15 cts.
Suits Cleaned, 15 to 65 cts	}	French Chemical Dry Cleaning.	
Pants Cleaned, 10 to 15 cts			
Suits Scoured and Pressed,	-	-	\$1.50
Pants Scoured and Pressed,	-	-	50 cts
New Seat in Pants, -	-	-	25 to 40 cts
Altering and Repairing Artistically Done.			

ONLY FIRST-CLASS TAILOR WORK DELIVERED
Clothes called for and Delivered.
Drop us a Postal Card.

F. A. SAKUTH TAILORING CO.,

145 W. Second South Street,
Opposite Board of Trade Building, One-half Block
West of Post Office.

Save your Money and when you get a dollar, deposit it with

Zion's Savings Bank AND TRUST COMPANY.



We pay 5 per cent. interest on Saving Deposits in any amount, from one dollar to thousands. Write for any information desired.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, President. GEORGE M. CANNON, Cashier.

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE ❀ ❀ ❀ AND CAN BE CURED!



The world believes that Drunkenness and the use of Opiates, at certain stages becomes a disease. That they are curable has been demonstrated. The all-important question now is, where can this relief be found?

If fifteen years of success in the treatment of these addictions and over 30,000 positive and accredited cures prove anything,—if the fact that the Medical, Religious, Legal and Industrial Worlds accept it has any added weight with the reader, then the question is answered in that best authorities have conceded the fact that the KEELEY CURE, as discovered by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, Ills., and administered by all duly authorized Keeley Institutes, is the only Cure for these Diseases, and the one Panacea for the resultant evils.

Address all Communications to
KEELEY INSTITUTE,

SALT LAKE CITY, - - - UTAH

APPENDICITIS

IS A DIRECT RESULT OF CONSTIPATION.

If you would only eat natural food such as bread made of Vowles' Health



See that this Brand is on every Sack.

Flour, and mush made of Vowles' Breakfast Cereal, you would not become constipated NOR SUFFER FROM SUMMER COMPLAINT. For sale by Z. C.

M. I., Bishops General Storehouse, Battle Creek Sanitarium Health Food Depot, W. S. Henderson and all other LIVING grocers.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT
UTAH ROLLER MILLS,

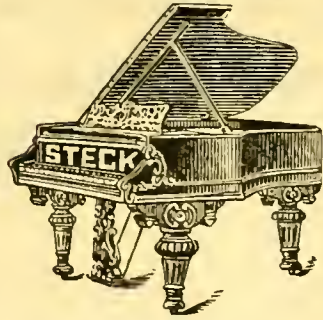
Salt Lake City.

Telephone No. 18.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

DAVID O. CALDER'S SONS

The Old Reliable Music House.



GREAT FALL
IN
PIANOS
AND
ORGANS.

We offer our new and latest improved KIMBALL ORGANS that sell at \$95 to \$160, for \$66, \$75, \$84, \$92, \$100 and \$112. Terms \$10 to \$15 cash and \$5 per month.

High Grade Cabinet Grand Pianos that sell for \$450 to \$550 for \$250, \$275, \$300, \$350. Terms \$25 cash and \$10 per month.

We carry everything known in music. We guarantee all goods and defy competition in prices.

45, 47 West First South Street.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

No. 3.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

III.

BEFORE the traveler has been long in Russia, he will discover that the people of that vast country comprise a multitude of types, some of them so distinct as to suggest a difference of race. The nation is indeed composite, and this condition is easily explained by the facts of past history. That history is a marvelous story of long continued growth through a succession of defeats and mighty conquests, resulting in a remarkable increase of numbers, and in a still more wonderful extension of territory.

The origin of the nation is to be sought in the remote past. Concerning the early history of the people Bancroft writes: "The Russian is of all the present European peoples, the one which may lay the best grounded claims of antiquity to residence in its present

abodes. In the darkness of ancient centuries, extended over vast plains, into which the genius of Greece and the arms of Rome never penetrated, this people was slowly ripening to nationality during the ages of classic splendor,

when Solon gave laws to the Athenians, and Rome strove after principles of public justice and liberty."

The dominant race in Russia is of Slavonian stock. We learn that before the beginning of the ninth century, certain Aryan tribes, principally Slavs, had established themselves in the regions now described as the northern and central parts of Great Russia.

About the middle of the century named, the people suffered from a strong incursion of the Norsemen, who for hundreds of years prior to that time had been pushing their way into every European country contiguous to their own. At first these



PEASANT GIRL ON THE BANK OF THE VOLGA.

hardy and adventurous invaders had no purpose other than that of personal plunder; they were typical pirates and marauders; but in later times they carried out well-laid plans for colonizing the countries which they had pillaged. This work of Norse colonization was prosecuted on such a scale as to demand attention as one of the great features of history; concerning it a modern writer, Myers, says, "The consequences of this wonderful outpouring of the Scandinavian peoples were so important and lasting that the movement has well been compared to the great migration of their German kinsmen in the fifth and sixth centuries. * * * The most noteworthy characteristic of these Northmen was the readiness with which they laid aside their own manners, habits, ideas, and institutions, and adopted those of the country in which they established themselves. 'In Russia they became Russians.'"

Of the Northmen, or Norsemen, the Norwegians carried on their operations of conquest in the west, while the Swedes directed their attention toward the east. It was the Swedes then who invaded Russia and there assimilated with the Slavonian peoples who had established themselves as described. Perhaps by right of conquest, possibly by invitation of the Slavs themselves, the Scandinavian chieftain Ruric was made king; this was in the year 862 or thereabout. He must be regarded as the founder of the first Russian monarchy. The state thus begun came to be known as Russia: possibly the word is an altered form of "ruotsi," which meant pirates or corsairs, such being the name given to the invaders by the Finns. Some Russians claim a different derivation for the name, believing that it has reference to the

prevailing ruddy complexion and light hair of the people.

In the thirteenth century the country was overrun by the Mongols and Tartars, and did not escape from the barbarian yoke for fully two hundred years. Thus in the defeats inflicted by invading foes the people have been modified by many foreign admixtures; and to a still greater extent has this composite condition been favored by the national victories, through which many tribes, and entire nations have been brought into the great Russian family.

The main divisions of the people as we meet them today are the following: Great Russians, occupying the northern and central parts of Russia-in-Europe; Little Russians, inhabiting the south-central portions; White Russians, covering the parts adjacent to Poland; and Red Russians, living in the south-western divisions adjoining the Austrian province of Galicia. But beside these, who are called Russians proper, there are Finns, and Laplanders, Lithuanians and Poles, Tartars, Bashkirs, Cossacks, Circassians, and others. That a nation composed of so many diverse elements can be maintained as a unit is not a little surprising. And as the unity of the nation appears to be increasing, its strength is constantly growing.

The lower classes of the people,—those who constitute the bulk of the population,—are generally poor and almost uniformly illiterate. There is a well-educated class in Russia, but it stands apart from the masses. There is no general, popular education in the country, no common school system, nothing in the nature of intellectual food for the poor who have so little. True, there are elementary schools and institutions of secondary and higher instruction, some of them deservedly

famed, but they are for the few. Let us first consider some of the characteristics and customs of this large, lower class of the population.

Our picture (No. 2) shows a good specimen of the *isbahs* or peasant houses, such as may be seen in any of the villages and country towns. It is constructed of wood,—the common building material for the poor people. The house does not open upon the street, but into a yard, which is shut off from the thoroughfare by a high wooden wall. Such is the usual arrangement in



ISBAH, OR PEASANT HOUSE IN GREAT RUSSIA.

country districts. In many of the windows the panes are beautifully iridescent, surpassing in this respect the ancient glasses that have been dug from buried Pompeii. It is possible that the iridescence of the Russian windows is due to a thin coat of varnish which is usually applied to the inside of the pane for the purpose of retarding the condensation of moisture during the cold season; though some of our party, among them an English professor who has made a special study of iridescent glass, believe that the effect is due to a surface disintegration, as is the case

with the Pompeiian glasses. Some of the better kind of peasant dwellings are elaborately decorated on the outside with carvings in wood; and occasionally a neat balcony or porch is attached.

Within, the houses are furnished on a very simple plan. One usually finds a wooden bench fashioned after the pattern of the old English settle; and on the table a samovar or tea-urn, or in its place an improvised kettle. Then there is the icon, or sacred symbol of family worship, consisting of a picture of the Virgin or of some saint, or perhaps, if the family be poor, a crude cross may be set up; but whatever the shrine may be, it is installed in a corner of the room and commands the reverence of the family. If a greater luxury of worship can be afforded, a small lamp is hung in front of the icon; this may be kept perpetually burning, but in any case it must be lighted on Sabbaths and church festival days. The cradle is sure to attract attention; it is a sort of box or basket, hung by cords from the ceiling, and forming a swinging bed for the baby. A huge brick stove takes up much of the space; this is built with a flat top, and on it all the beds of the family are laid at night.

The next picture (No. 3) gives a fair representation of a *moujik* or freed peasant and his children. There is an untidy appearance about them all, but such is quite characteristic of the class to which they belong. The children are barefoot during the warm months; in the winter time their footwear is similar to that of the man in the picture, consisting of many folds of cloth enveloping the limbs from toes to knee, and a pair of rush sandals or slippers. Boots are worn by all who can obtain them. The boy's loose pantaloons and the shirt, which is worn as an outer garment

secured tunic-fashion by a cord about the waist, are the common articles of male dress. The clothing of the girls in the illustration calls for little explanation. The man is wearing his long coat of coarse cloth, lined throughout with sheep-skin; really a winter garment yet frequently worn even in the warmest months of the year. The photograph fails to give any idea of the brilliant colors so characteristic of the peasant costume. The shirts of the men, the dresses and even the head covering of women and girls are all of glaring hues. Bright blue and yellow are often seen; but the favorite color is red. As one approaches a group of peasants in the field he is apt to think that he is looking upon a group of enormous poppies in full blossom.

Picture No. 1 is a photograph of a peasant girl at Kachpour on the banks of the Volga. From her willingness to pose before my camera, I concluded that she had dressed for the occasion; and my chief regret is that her startling combination of colors cannot be reproduced here.

As the traveler mingles with the people, as he learns to understand their dispositions and desires, though he find little to esteem, he will see much to admire. The people of Russia have been greatly misrepresented. One searches among them in vain for the fierceness of nature and turbulence of spirit with which popular opinion has associated them; and finds instead a kind of gravity which cannot fail to be impressive, habitual quietness, and gentleness. It may be said that to their inferiors the people are apt to be harsh and severe; in this they show that they have learned to follow the ways of those who stand above them, particularly the members of the official class; but in

their dealings one with another, the common people exhibit a docility that is almost childlike. To foreigners, all of whom they appear to regard as their superiors, they display an outward courtesy which almost amounts to servility. Such servile humility is less marked among the younger generation; and this fact may inspire the hope that the people will grow into a state of proper self-esteem, and acquire the courage to lift their heads even in the presence of their employers and before the stranger who may visit them. The habit of self-



A RUSSIAN MOUJIK AND HIS CHILDREN.

abasement is perhaps a vestige of the condition of serfdom under which the people lived for generations, and which was abolished in 1861, only thirty-seven years ago.

The moujik is generally described as a lazy fellow; yet he may be found at work early and late. His natural laziness is offset by the conditions of necessity which keep him at his toil; he must work or he will starve, nevertheless he likes to be idle. This disinclination

for work may be a natural result of the former system of forced labor. Associated with this child-like simplicity, the moujik betrays a childish variability in his disposition; his intellectual powers appear to be immature; his pleasures are of the simplest kind; his wants are few; of ambition he exhibits scarcely a trace. If the visitor can succeed in breaking through the reserve which timidity inspires, he will find that the natives of the soil are friendly, kind, and truly hospitable. It is said that the laws of hospitality have always been respected among these peoples; and that in former days every Slav was expected to receive the stranger, even if the entertainer, being poor, had to steal from his richer neighbor to supply the needs of the guest.

The Russians are generally supposed to be a nation of drunkards; in this again they are the victims of misrepresentation. Statistics show that they consume less liquor per head than do many other European nations; and I have witnessed more of the degrading scenes of intoxication in England, the land of my birth, than I have seen in any part of Russia, country or town. Yet I would not affirm that the Russian peasantry are a temperate people; they are addicted to drink; and unfortunately a liquor in very common use is the fiery vodka,—really a strong alcohol. But the people may not be wholly blamable for such of these habits as they do indulge; they seem to look upon themselves in all things as children of the government, and surely their rulers foster and encourage intemperance, indirectly if not openly; and this perhaps because of the revenues resulting from the sale of liquor. Even the church fails to restrain the people in their drinking habits; for the numerous feast days of

the ecclesiastical calendar are very generally celebrated by free indulgence in both eating and drinking.

J. E. Talmage.

WAS IT A MIRACLE?

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 97.)

It was two weeks later. Sarah Boyd was sitting in the little bedroom, her chair drawn close to the bedside where Millie lay stretched like a white flower in her transparent paleness. The lamp, turned low, gave with its dim light a tinge of ghastliness to the fair face on the pillow, and the watcher's eyes filled with tears that forced themselves presently in a flood down her cheeks, as she gazed at its ominous pallor.

"The end is not far off," she sobbed to herself. "My darling is going from me; there is nothing to hope now. Oh, Heavenly Father, give me strength to bear it!"

The door opened softly, and her sister appeared and beckoned her into the next room. She rose and went out, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"Sarah," Martha said, when the bedroom door was closed, "I am going to take your place at Millie's side, and I want you to go out and get a breath of fresh air. There is just time for you to walk over to the school-house in time for meeting, and I want you to go."

"Leave Millie tonight! Why, Martha, I wouldn't dare leave her for a moment. Haven't you noticed how bad she looks? It seems to me she's changed in the last hour."

"It's the dim light that makes her look so. She is no worse tonight than she has been for the last three weeks, and I want you to have a change. I'm in earnest, Sarah. I want you to go."

Martha had not spoken to her in that tone since the time that they had been

left motherless, and she had taken charge of the household and the younger children, governing them with a kind but firm rule. Sarah had never disobeyed her elder sister then, and it was perhaps the force of the old habit that made her now, unwillingly, yield to the other's will. "I am going because you ask it, Martha," she said, as she stood at the door with her bonnet on, ready to go; "not because I want to. I know only too well that I shan't have a moment's peace till I'm back."

"Sister, go there with the thought that you will have peace, and I know it will be given you. Make up your mind for once not to shut your heart against the Spirit that would bless you, save for your disbelief. That is all that keeps it from you."

Her sister went out without reply. It was the old, sore question upon which they had so often fruitlessly argued, and she did not intend to go through with it tonight.

After she had gone Martha went into the bedroom. She looked at the slight figure and white face of the sleeping girl on the bed, and her heart throbbed with yearning pity and love.

"Dear, dear Millie," she whispered, the tears standing in her eyes. "You are not to blame, you innocent victim of sympathy and pity and petting. And to think that you must be lost to us, not because it has been willed; I believe in my heart it is not that, but through the mistake of selfish, human love. Poor Sarah!" she went on, her thoughts going back to the pale, tear-stained cheeks of the worn mother, "you are not to blame either, from our human point of view but I sometimes wonder if all of us will not be brought under chastisement, here or hereafter, for our lack of faith in our Father's

love and goodness. She will know when it is too late how different it might have been had she but taken hold of His promises. Oh, why cannot she now? Why cannot a sign be given her that shall keep this dear child from the grave?"

Impulsively Martha sank down at the bedside and knelt there in silent and fervent prayer.

An half-hour later her sister returned home. She had been too nervous, she said, to wait for the close of the services, and had slipped quietly from her seat on one of the rear benches and come home.

Martha said nothing in reply to her explanation, and, after a few moments conversation, donned her wraps to go home, promising to come early the next morning, after her household duties were attended to.

"Has Millie been asleep all the time?" Sarah whispered, as she let her sister out of the front door.

"Yes, and it will do her good."

Her sister looked anxious. "It's strange," she said. "Millie has slept this way nearly all day; I never knew her to do so before."

"It's probably because she rested so little last night. There is nothing wrong, sister, at present; you may rest assured of that. Good night!"

"Good night."

Sarah closed and locked the door and went back to the bedroom. It was the first time since Millie's illness that she had wished for company in watching and caring for the sick one, having refused the kindly-proffered aid of many friends, choosing rather to minister herself to her loved one. The long strain, however, unconsciously to herself had begun to tell upon her, and with Millie seemingly worse, in her own eyes at

least, she would have given much to have had her sister with her. She would not say so, however, knowing that Martha's household duties required her presence, excepting in the case of an absolute necessity, and such she knew Martha would not consider the present one, though she knew that she realized the seriousness of Millie's condition.

Sitting down in her accustomed place, she waited for the hour for Millie's medicine to be given, and then, as she did not wake, roused her from her sleep to take it, becoming more alarmed as Millie, after listlessly receiving the spoonful of liquid, sank at once into slumber, spite of her own efforts to keep her attention occupied.

It seemed to her, too, that Millie had grown whiter, and that her breath came shorter as time passed, and in her nervous state the lonely and anxious watching seemed unendurable. If only she had asked Martha to stay. For the first time in years the sense of her sister's quiet presence, she felt would seem grateful rather than irritating. There was no way now, though, of reaching her, unless she should go herself; for she had no one she might send, and the nearest neighbor's house was almost as far as Martha's. She glanced again at Millie. Still sleeping, and that ghastly pallor and short breathing yet there to fill her heart with misgivings. She could not go through the long night of suspense alone. She would go for Martha.

Lighting a candle, she placed it on the table, blowing out the lamp after she had done so. She had a nervous fear of explosions, and would not have dared to leave the oil-lamp alight in the house alone.

She was only too sure that Millie

would not wake in the few moments she would be absent, and with the doors locked there was absolutely nothing to fear. Looking about to see that all was safe, Sarah caught up her shawl, and locking the front door after her, sped hastily down the street.

Five minutes passed. Millie still lay in deep sleep; the only sound in the room was her deep breathing and the ticking of the clock on the mantel, the only motion the waving of the muslin window-curtain under the breeze that came in where the window was let down at the top.

Presently a strong whiff of wind came. It blew the light curtain out across the little table standing at the head of Millie's bed, into the flame of the flaring candle that sat there. A tongue of vivid crimson leapt up. It ran a darting, spreading flame up the filmy muslin blind, caught a wicker frame that hung on the wall filled with papers, that kindled the window-casing into flame and shot hot sparks about, that fell in the pretty pink and white draperies of the bed, lighting them and the light wood-carvings of the head-piece into living fire.

Five, seven minutes passed; then Millie woke to find herself surrounded by choking, seething smoke and crackling flames.

* * * * *

"I can't wait a second for you, Martha. I've left Millie there alone, and you know it has taken me quite a few minutes already to wake you up. I'll be going back while you're getting your things on."

"Nonsense, dear! You just come in and sit down till I'm ready to walk back with you. You couldn't walk a step with your breath all gone like that, and your heart beating like a sledge-ham-

mer. You know how quick I can get dressed when I don't try, and when I do, it don't take a second."

Sarah sank unwillingly into a chair. She was indeed out of breath, and her knees ready to give way with her weight, so fast had she run the distance from home; but she had found Martha in bed and asleep, and the time it had taken to rouse her had set her nerves at a tension that threatened any moment to make her break down.

Martha was quick in her movements, however, and since she was almost ready, it was hard to gainsay her request.

"I know you won't be long, Martha, for Millie's sake," she said plaintively, half-crying in her weariness. "Oh, Martha, you don't realize how bad she is tonight, I know you don't."

"Well, perhaps I don't, dear, but one thing I am sure of, that whatever happens, it will be the Lord's will. I had a quiet little prayer while you were gone tonight, and I have felt a peace since that I have not felt before since Millie has been ill."

"I don't know, Martha. It's hard to feel reconciled. She's all I've got on earth."

Martha did not answer. There was a sound outside that she was straining her ears to catch. It was late by this time, and rather strange for any one to be about.

"Do you hear some one running, Sarah?" she asked without thinking.

Her sister listened a moment and turned pale. "It's some one coming here," she whispered.

"It must be some one for me." She strove to rise, but overcome with her fear and the unaccustomed running, she sank back helplessly in her chair.

"Don't give way like this, sister. I'm sure nothing is wrong," Martha

said, striving to comfort the other, though her own heart misgave her, as the swift steps sounded on the gravelled path coming to the house.

"I'll see who it is," she said, as the steps came nearer."

She started towards the door, but before she could open it a hand was laid on the knob, and the door was thrown open. The two women each uttered a sharp scream.

Standing in the doorway, her face white and eyes bright with excitement, her naked feet gleaming from a pair of old felt slippers, a long cloak showing glimpses of the white night-gown beneath, was Millie.

"Martha, Aunt Martha!" she gasped, her breath spent with her swift speed, "come, come quickly! The house is on fire."

* * * * *

"Here's the letter at last, Sarah. I thought it would come today. Martha handed her sister a letter post-marked Logan, and took off her wraps while her sister opened the envelope with anxious fingers.

"My dear Mother," she read aloud, "I hope you will forgive my delay in writing you, but I have been so busy with my school duties, and the pleasures that have come incidentally in my way, that I could not find time to write before. I am afraid the latter excuse will sound like a very selfish one; but the pleasures came without my seeking, and so thick and fast that with the many other activities I take part in, they have left me no time before to drop even the few lines I send you now. Study, sewing, cooking, mending; these are some of the useful things that have kept me happily busy since I have been at the college; and skating and dancing have filled in the few niches of time between

whiles; so you will see that my delay has not been through lack of inclination to write you, my dear mother. And, oh, mother! if you could only see me, I know how well repaid you would feel for the sacrifice you have made in letting me go from you. Your pale, listless, lazy Millie is already a rosy-cheeked, energetic, healthy girl, ambitious and able to equip herself to earn back the home that was well lost for her redemption."

"There, there—sister! don't give way!" said Martha, going to her sister's side and putting her arms around her—as Sarah paused to wipe the tears away that blinded the words of the letter from her vision.

"Oh, Martha! it makes me feel almost criminal when I remember for what I am responsible. When I think that but for your faith and the Lord's mercy, my child would have been in her coffin—I feel that my whole life henceforth should be a sacrifice."

"I believe the only sacrifice the Lord wants His children to make, is to repent for our wrong-doing, and renew our faith in Him."

"Martha, I never knew what faith meant till now. It has been always to me some kind of vague sense of a supernatural gift, vouchsafed to only a few, and that too, at the pains of much prayer, and anxious striving. I see now that it means little more than simple trust in God, and His willingness to help and bless His children. Since I have seen it in this light, my heart has been so free from care and anxiety that it has been like entering into a new life."

"It is simply the lesson of the Lord's parable, blossoming, and bearing fruit in your life," answered Martha, "and to my mind if learned aright by all of us, it would solve the whole problem of our

care-darkened and miserably anxious existence on earth."

"Which parable do you mean, dear?" asked her sister.

"Oh ye of little faith. Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

TREED BY A BEAR.

BUD FRASER, Lew Blevins and I, had been hunting near the head of Beaver Creek for a week before the adventure I am about to relate, which came within a hair's breadth of cutting short my hunting forever.

We three were prospectors, and we were not hunting for the fun of the thing, but to procure a stock of meat to jerk for the winter. Deer were abundant in the hills, antelope were equally numerous on the plains below us; and the "jerking" lines, stretched from tree to tree of the little grove in which our camp was pitched, already bore witness to our skill as marksmen.

"Three or four more days of this kind of luck, boys, and we'll have as much meat as the horses can pack," said Lew, as we sat around the camp-fire one evening.

"Yes, we've done pretty well," I responded; "but there's one kind of game we haven't got yet, and I think I'll make a trial for it in the morning."

"What kind of game do you mean?" asked Fraser.

"Mutton."

"Mutton! I'd like to know where you'd get any mutton around here?"

"Big-horns—mountain sheep," Lew tersely explained.

"Isn't that what you mean, Frank?"

"Yes. I came across some fresh

'signs' this afternoon, and I don't think it will be a hard matter to locate the bunch that made it."

"You're enough sight more likely to locate a bunch of grizzly bears or silver tips," Fraser remarked. "If you run up against some of those ugly customers that I saw the tracks of up in the hills yesterday, they'll be mighty apt to make mutton out of you."

"Mutton goes!" I replied, with a careless laugh. "That Winchester express of mine is just as good for a bear as for deer."

"Did either of you fellows ever hear of that fight between a grizzly and the Lone Star Gulch mail-carrier?" said Lew.

"I haven't. Tell us about it," I replied, settling into a comfortable position by the fire.

"Well, there ain't much to tell, except that he got chewed up, after fighting that grizzly at long range with all the cartridges he had in his magazine.

"You see, it was this way. Cy was hired to carry the mail between the gulch and the railroad, and he made the round trip twice a week. The road, or trail, rather, was too rough and narrow for a buckboard, so he always went horseback, carrying the one mail-sack tied behind his saddle.

"There was one place in particular, where the trail ran through a narrow canyon that was awful bad to pass. The path, which was just wide enough for a horse to walk on, ran along the base of a perpendicular bluff, and on the other hand there was a 'jump-off' of about twenty feet into a sandy creek bottom.

"Well, sir, Cy was going up to the gulch one day, and he met a grizzly right in the narrowest part of the trail. There was no room to turn his horse. The

grizzly sat up on his hind legs and showed fight, and Cy made up his mind that he had some minutes of a rough time ahead of him. He thought a good deal of the horse, however, and he determined that that grizzly shouldn't chew him up, if he could help it.

"Slipping out of the saddle on the side next to the bluff, he got around in front of the horse and commenced to pump lead into the bear, which wasn't more than fifty feet away. Cy carried a forty-four Winchester, and he might as well have attempted to stop that bear by throwing rocks at him. He had eleven cartridges in the magazine when he commenced to shoot, and every bullet told, but the grizzly just shook his head and growled, and came on as though the lead pills agreed with him.

"Cy threw down his gun when the magazine was empty, and he pulled his knife just as the bear reared up and struck at him, and drove the long blade clean to the hilt in the grizzly's side. Then they clinched, wrestled a minute, lost their footing and rolled twenty feet, down to the bed of the creek.

"Cy don't remember what happened after the fall; but the horse came galloping into town about sundown, and we made up a party to go out and investigate. Three hours' hard riding brought us to the scene of the fight, where we found Cy and the bear lying side by side—the bear dead, and the man wasn't in much better fix.

"We made a stretcher with a couple of saplings and some saddle-blankets, and we carried Cy to town. It took three doctors six months to fix him up so he could get out of bed, and even then he was a cripple for life. The bear had chewed and clawed the muscles of his left arm and leg so badly that he has never been able to use them

since. So that's what a man gets for insulting a grizzly by shooting at him with a forty-four Winchester."

"That was a rough deal, sure; but my gun throws a pretty heavy ball, and I'm not going to let the chance of my meeting with a grizzly bluff me out of an attempt to get a big horn," I said.

"There's very small chance that you'll meet a grizzly," Lew concluded, "but if you do, and he wants the road, give it to him, and climb a tree till he gets out of sight. A grizzly's like a good many folks I've run across—the only way to get along with him is to keep him at a distance."

We were up with the dawn next morning, and after a hearty breakfast of venison steaks, flap jacks and coffee, I shouldered my rifle and struck out for the place where I had seen the "sign" of mountain sheep the day before. My two companions had agreed to hunt down the creek in company, leaving me to "go it alone," though they strongly urged me to give up my attempt on the big-horns and accompany them.

A spur of the Big Horn Mountains lay about five miles to the west of our camp, and it was there that I intended to seek my game. My way lay up a wide, grassy valley, dotted with rambling thickets of wild plum-bushes and compact clumps of mountain pines. At intervals a jack-rabbit sprang up before me and scurried off in a zigzag fashion, with long, uneven leaps calculated to disturb the aim of an expert rifleman; and once, a noble buck leaped from his couch in the thicket, gave one quick glance of startled surprise and bounded away, jerking his stumpy white tail at me in a derisive way that strongly tempted me to take a shot at him.

Three hours later found me cautiously crawling among the rocky pinnacles of

the mountain spur, in an eager pursuit of a small bunch of big horns—doubtless the ones whose tracks I had seen—which I had the good fortune to locate a short time after reaching the hills. They were extremely wary, but the wind was in my favor and I felt convinced a proper amount of caution would finally place me within range of them.

An hour more of snake-like progress on my part, and several annoying changes of position on the part of the game, and I at last peered around the corner of a sheltering boulder to find a patriarchal-looking ram standing upon a point of rock within easy rifle range and gazing straight at my position.

I would have preferred mutton a little more tender than what he gave promise of, but he was evidently suspicious of danger and I might not get another chance for a shot. Tough chops were better than no chops at all, so I worked my rifle cautiously to a level and tumbled him over with a bullet through his head.

A few minutes sufficed to dress the carcass, and throwing it over my shoulder, I started back to camp. It was rather rough ground over which to travel with a load of mutton, but I managed to scramble safely down the steep hill-sides, indulging the while in a series of audible smiles at the prospective surprise of my comrades when they should learn that I had concluded a successful hunt for mountain sheep before dinner. A tramp of an hour brought me out of the mountains and into a valley running parallel with the one up which I had passed some hours before. I was beginning to feel a little tired by this time, and I deposited my burden at the foot of a tall pine and stretched myself on the ground for a rest. The sun was quite warm for Octo-

ber, my previous exertions had made me somewhat drowsy, and I soon dropped into a doze. I could not have slept more than ten minutes when I was recalled to a sense of things mundane by a succession of peculiar sounds, somewhat resembling that of a hog when frightened or suddenly startled. Springing to my feet I looked in the direction from which the noise came, and the first glance set my hair to lifting under my hat and raised little pimples of apprehension all over me. I have omitted to state that the pine trees under which I had been taking my siesta grew twenty feet or so from the edge of a "bullberry" thicket, whose crimson fruit, slightly withered from an early frost, hung in thick clusters from the slender shrubs.

Near the border of this berry patch, and not more than forty feet from where I stood, an enormous bear sat upreared on his haunches, and I caught his glance of questioning enmity the moment I turned. He was slowly turning his wicked-looking head from side to side, sniffing the air with every movement, and the hair rose into a perfect ridge along his back and short ears as he at last caught my scent.

For the next twenty seconds I stood as though I had taken root. I found myself unable to do anything but stare at him in an idiotic way and wonder what he was going to do.

Bruin broke the spell by curling back his lips from his long, white teeth, and emitting a snarling growl that sounded like a note from hades. Fight was clearly to be the order of the day, and, without taking my eyes off him, I stooped quickly down and picked up my gun.

The next moment he dropped on all-fours and rushed at me with open

mouth and a growling roar that jarred every nerve in me. I had no time to take sight, and my hands shook so that I could not have kept the muzzle of the gun in line with any one spot an instant.

I took one wild shot at his head, threw down the gun and commenced to climb the tree with the expedition of a wildcat evading a pack of hounds. As I grasped a substantial branch and swung myself onto it, Bruin reared up, flashed one armed paw through the air and almost raked the moccasin from my right foot. In a moment more I was six feet higher and out of his reach for the present.

My enemy's next move was an endeavor to climb up the tree; but the grizzly is not a climbing bear, as I well knew. Had it been otherwise, I would have fought it out on the ground.

Finding my retreat impregnable, Bruin solaced himself by emitting a volley of hoarse growls and taking up a recumbent position at the foot of the tree, where he lay watching me for the better part of an hour, occasionally getting up and encircling my refuge with inquisitive glances, as though he thought there might be some means of ascent that he had overlooked.

Feeling temporarily secure on my lofty perch, I tried to show him how much I despised him by breaking off the ends of the dried branches within my reach and throwing them at his head.

At first he merely snapped at the ones that struck him, but when a particularly heavy piece finally saluted him in the region of the eye, his rage was frightful to see. He made a desperate attempt to climb the tree, and almost succeeded in reaching the lower branches.

Three or four hours passed without

any change in the situation. The sun had crept well over into the west, and it began to look as though I was destined to spend at least one night of my life on a roost. Bruin had strolled over to the bull-berry patch two or three times, but a slight movement on my part served to bring him charging back.

The gun was still lying at the foot of the tree, where I had dropped it, and I had looked at it longingly a hundred times without being able to devise a feasible plan for getting possession of it. Still cogitating, I stuck my hands in the pockets of my overalls, as though I expected to find a solution of the problem at the bottom of those useful receptacles—and I did.

Some weeks before I had picked up and dropped into my pocket a harness-snap with a broken spring, and a bright idea flashed through my mind the moment my fingers touched it. Balancing myself astride of a limb, I drew off my buckskin shirt and commenced to cut the garment into long strips with my hunting-knife. Knotting the pieces together into a rope of sufficient length, tied the harness-snap to one end, and was ready to fish for my gun.

While not a devotee of the rod and line, I have in my time angled for most of the worldly prizes on which the average man is wont to find his heart set; but that was the most exasperating fishing I ever undertook. It was my purpose to catch the lever of the Winchester with the hook in such a way that I could draw it up to me. For two hours I labored, and perspired, and indulged in adjectives not recognized in polite society, before a lucky cast finally put me in possession of my heart's desire.

As the gun rose swiftly into the air, Bruin made a wild dash for it, voicing

his indignation at the ruse in a roar that almost shook me off my perch. His hour had come, however, in the shape of a three-hundred grain bullet, which I planted between his eyes a minute later as he rose on his hind legs and made another vain attempt to claw me down.

Lowering the gun with my impromptu elevator, I descended to the ground, and, ignoring the fragments of the big-horn, with which the grizzly had tried to assuage his angry mood by scattering it over a half-acre of ground, I took the shortest route to camp. My companions had already returned, and when I explained matters, they readily undertook to help me skin the bear. The meat we had no particular relish for, seeing that the grizzly is carnivorous; but since that adventure I have passed many a cold night in the mountains snugly wrapped in the robe for which I sacrificed my old hunting shirt.

H. Allan Clark.

BEDE.

"MAMMA, I shall be eight years old tomorrow, and what do you think I want?"

"I do not know, my darling; a new book, I suppose. You seem to prefer books to anything else," answered his mother, drawing him closer and kissing him on his broad, white brow.

"No, mamma, dear," shaking his curly head; then very earnestly, "I want my papa to take me down to the grove and baptize me in the creek."

"But, my pet, we are going to Aunt Sue's tomorrow to spend the day. Had you forgotten?"

"No, but I would rather get baptized on my birthday. You know the Apostle who was here last Sunday said every little boy ought to be baptized the day

he is eight years old, and I must not take the Sacrament again until I have been. Just think, mamma!"

"Here is papa. We will see what he has to say," said mamma, an expression of relief upon her face. "Papa, our boy is anxious to be baptized tomorrow, upon his birthday. Can you not persuade him to wait? We promised to spend the day with Uncle John and Aunt Sue."

"To be sure we did," he replied, as he fondly kissed wife and child, drawing his boy upon his knee as he sat down. "Now, little fellow, what's all this fuss about? There is no particular need of your being baptized upon your birthday. One time is as good as another. Think of what a jolly time you can have at Auntie's tomorrow, riding the pony and playing with the boys."

"You and mamma go," answered the determined little fellow, "and let me stay home. I b'lieve the Bishop would baptize me if I asked him."

"Now see here, my boy," and the father's voice had a stern and commanding ring in it which quite startled little Bede, "you are to do as papa and mamma say, and without any further parlanche. Tomorrow you go with us; that settles the question."

Bede slid from his father's lap and quietly left the room, a grieved look on his usually smiling little face.

"Did you ever see a more determined little rascal?" laughed the father, while at the same time his cheeks flushed, and away down in his heart was an uneasy feeling of compunction, for well he knew that the child was pleading only for what was his right.

"Horace, dear, don't you think we had better stay at home and let Bede have his desire, seeing he is so anxious?" said the mother, for she, too,

knew that her darling was right. "No, indeed, you foolish little mother," shaking his head emphatically. "It is time that our boy should learn that he cannot always have things his way. We are spoiling him, I fear."

"Oh, Horace! We couldn't spoil him if we tried. Bede is too sensible for that."

"Just like all mothers," laughed her husband. "But, seriously, our boy is one in a thousand. And now, turning the subject, when are we going to have supper, love? I have bought tickets for the theatre for tonight."

The Sabbath day dawned fair and beautiful. Overhead was a sky of purest blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud. In the treetops the little birds were singing their sweetest songs, while over the eastern mountain range rose the sun in splendid glory.

"An ideal day for our visit," exclaimed Bede's papa, as they set out on their pleasant journey to the country, ten miles distant. "I suppose," laughing uneasily, "I ought to have remained home and gone to Sunday School; but Sunday is my only day off. Think I'll resign my position; haven't been for months, and have too much financial worry to bother about the spiritual."

"Papa, don't go that way," suddenly cried Bede, who hitherto had been unusually quiet. Don't go past Brother Doan's house; he might see us."

"Well, suppose he does, son."

"But papa." Here Bede hesitated, then went on, his face wearing a very troubled look, "I don't want him to think what he does. He said—papa—I heard him tell another man that he was very sorry that you—you, papa—were losing the Spirit;" and the child's sensitive face flushed painfully as he uttered the last words.

"Did you believe him, my son?"

"Not at first, papa," very slowly came the words; then with sudden, reproachful tones, "but you know you wouldn't baptize me, and lots of things you don't do."

The father's face grew very grave and white.

It cut him keenly that the reproach should come from the innocent lips of his own child, his sweet, precious boy to be the one to condemn him and grieve over his carelessness. He had never realized how neglectful and indifferent to his religion he had grown until now it was brought home to him by his baby.

"Horace, dear, don't look like that," pleaded his wife, that soul companion, who read his every thought, and shared in every emotion of his heart. "Bede, you must not talk so to your papa. Brother Doan knows nothing about it. Your dear papa is as good a man as ever lived."

"Hush, hush, dear wife. You know better. Bede can see my faults; he does not think so."

"Yes, yes, papa, I do, but I was so disappointed about not getting baptized today."

"Well, next Sunday I'll take you to the grove sure. Think of the beautiful book papa gave you this morning. Won't that make up for——"

"Ah, papa, don't you 'member how mamma expected you home from the East on her birthday, and when you couldn't come but sent that beautiful watch instead, how she cried; and when you did come she said she would rather have seen you than to have all the watches in the world. That is just how I feel; but I'll try to forget it now."

"That is right, dear," said his mamma, kissing him on the head. "If

you say much more to your poor papa he will turn around and go home. Ah, here we are. See Aunt Sue running to open the gates."

"There is Johnny on the pony," cried Bede, his eyes sparkling with animation. He dearly loved horses, and was never so happy as when around them.

The whole family rejoiced to see them, and gave them a royal welcome. It was always a treat to come to the country and spend a day with dear Uncle John and his jolly family.

The day passed by swiftly and pleasantly for all excepting one little boy with brown curls and hazel eyes. His cousins had never seen him so quiet and pensive before, and could not understand it. Something surely must be amiss when he would not ride the pony or climb trees, or join in their boisterous sports.

"No, boys, don't coax me," he said at last. "You know that I am just aching to ride Squivel, and that I do so want to keel somersaults with you in the barn, but I am not going to do either."

"But why not?"

"You won't laugh if I tell? Nor say anything to anyone? Well, then, I've turned over a new leaf for Sundays."

"A new leaf! What kind? Where is it?" were the various ejaculations from the two perplexed little boys, as they stared at Bede in wonder.

"Don't you understand? I mean that I am going to try not to break the Sabbath day. I learned that in Sunday School the last time I went."

"Come, Bede," called his papa. "We are going home now."

"Good bye, Ned and Johnny. Get your mamma to let you come up next Sunday, 'cause I'm going to be baptized."

That night after they reached home and Bede had disrobed, and looking so fair and picturesque in his long, white gown, he stood by his mother's knee and listened with attention to the good-night story.

"And now, my darling, have you been a good boy all day?"

"Yes, mamma, pretty good. Lots better than some days. I did just one thing."

"And that—confess, little rebel."

"You won't scold; I hate to be scolded," putting his arms about her neck. "I waded in the ditch with Johnny. They thought I was cross 'cause I wouldn't play, and so—and so—that wasn't much, was it?"

"I have told you so many times not——"

"I know, mamma, but I wanted to 'magine how it would seem to be baptized. O, mamma, you can't guess how sorry I have felt all this long day."

"My darling, you shall go tomorrow. Don't cry," and she took him in her arms and mingled her tears with his. "It was wicked in us to put you off, but there is no need of being so anxious about it, dear. There is still plenty of time."

"Somehow, mamma, I don't feel like there was. I feel as though it ought to have been done today. I just couldn't be happy for thinking of it, but I did try, O so hard, to please you and papa."

He knelt by her side and said aloud his evening prayer; then after a low "Good night, mamma," he was tucked in his little white bed by the dear, watchful mother, who lingered near until sweet, dreamless slumber stole over the pure little face, and closed the eyelids over the dark eyes.

"God was very good to us, dear," she whispered to her husband as he joined

her. "Such a beautiful spirit He has intrusted to our care—our precious boy."

Then she told him of the talk between herself and their child, and her husband's eyes filled as he declared that on the morrow little Bede should have his desire.

Ah, these tomorrows! What a plaintive sound the word has! How often in this world of mysteries does that "tomorrow" which promised to be so fair, dawn with brightest promise only to end in black despair.

"Fate steals along when least we dread,
And meets us oft with ceaseless tread;
And in the sunshine strikes the blow."

The "tomorrow" came, came to find little Bede ill of a fever. Still he wanted to be dressed and go out, but his mamma said, not today. Tomorrow he would be better, and then he should get up.

"You must hurry and get well, little son," said papa, a strange, queer lump rising in his throat even as he spoke, "for you are going to be baptized."

"Oh, no, papa; I can't be baptized," sobbed the child. "Papa, mamma," in tones that went to their hearts, "O why did you refuse me? The water is so cold now, and I am so tired. I can't go; I want to sleep."

"Hush, dear, you are not going. Go to sleep, then, and mamma will fan you."

As the fever increased bringing with it delirium and raving, it was pitiful to hear the little sufferer.

"Bede can't go now. The water in the creek is cold and dark—so cold. No papa, don't stand there and coax. I'm too tired now, and it will soon be night."

"A just punishment," groaned the unhappy parent. "I need this lesson, but

O Father, spare my boy and my feet shall no longer go astray!"

Together they knelt—the terror-stricken father and mother, and covenanted anew to do the Lord's will and keep His commandments, if only their darling's life might be spared. How easy it is to forget Him when prosperity and joy smile upon us, but in the dark hour of adversity when our troubles seem greater than we can endure, then do we remember that there is one Friend—that Father divine who never forgets us and will still hear and answer our prayers e'en though we have wandered far from the fold.

"Horace, have we gone far astray?"

"Yes, dear wife. Promise after promise have I broken, all my duties have I neglected, and the mission abroad I declined to fulfil on the plea of not being prepared to leave, as you remember. Now I fear God will not have time to listen to us."

"Papa, it is my birthday—I want to be baptized—" moaned the child. "Take me now—don't wait until next week. Take me today, papa—on my birthday."

Towards morning he seemed to be dozing, then suddenly opened his beautiful dark eyes, and stretched out his burning little hands to his mother who held them fast in hers.

"Mamma, I have been a good boy. I turned over a new leaf, mamma—all white. It's the last leaf—so pure and white. Mamma, while I slept, little dead sister came, and she wants me. They need me up there."

A sweet smile lit up the wan features, a little gasp—a faint struggle and—

There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and frail,
And softly from that hush'd and sadden'd room,
Two angels issued where but one went in.

Yes, the leaves in his little life had

all been white and beautiful to look upon. As beautiful within was the little white soul as the casket which held it. A heavenly radiance shone upon the boy's winsome countenance composed in its long sweet sleep.

"Do not mourn, dearest wife," pleaded the husband as her tears fell like rain upon the sunny curls which in life she had found such pleasure in arranging, and now she was brushing those golden locks of her darling for the last time. "He had a beautiful little life. He has returned to our Father as pure and spotless as he came. Praise be to God for lending to us for a short time this priceless jewel. He had to go. He has left you and me a mission, love."

The chair by the hearth stands empty,
Where at eve he used to rest,
And recount the day's sports and trials,
With his hand in ours close pressed;
How we loved to trace in his upturned face,
The future all glowing with joy;
For the world held naught so sweet, we thought,
As the love of our beautiful boy.

Katie Grover.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

The Nephites Discover Zarahemla.

THE wars between the Nephites and the Lamanites lasted, on and off, for more than three hundred years. By that time the Lamanites had driven the Nephites a long way to the north of the land where the Nephites made their first home. About two hundred years before the birth of Christ the Nephites lived in a land which they called the land of Lehi-Nephi. Sometimes it is simply called the land of Nephi. Here the Lamanites had followed them. The Nephites had often tried to teach the Lamanites the law of God, but the Lamanites would not listen. They still continued to be wild, fierce and wicked, and

whenever they saw a good chance they robbed or killed the Nephites.

In those days there lived a prophet in Lehi-Nephi whose name was Mosiah. He was also the king of the Nephites. God told him to get all of the Nephites

and along the banks of a river which was afterwards called the Sidon. This journey took them some weeks. One day to their great surprise, they saw on the west bank of the river a city. They had no idea there were any cities in the



THE NEPHITES DISCOVER THE PEOPLE OF MULEK.

who wanted to do right to once again leave their homes and journey to a new land. Those Nephites who wished to serve God followed Mosiah. He led them northward across the wilderness

land except those which they had built; for they fancied that they and the Lamanites were the only people in all the land, and the Lamanites did not build cities.

When they came to the city they found a people whose language they could not understand. By and by they taught these people the Nephite language. Then, to their joy, they found that the fathers of this people, like their fathers, came from the great city of Jerusalem. God had led them from that wicked city a few years after Lehi left it. Indeed, just before its rebellious people were carried captive into Babylon.

With these people at the time that they left Jerusalem was a little boy named Mulek. He was the son of the last king of Judah.

That king's name was Zedekiah. But the Bible says that all the sons of Zedekiah were killed by the king of Babylon, so we suppose that this little fellow was not born when his brothers were put to death. As he was a prince, the people who came with him were called the people of Mulek. God led them from Jerusalem to this continent, and they landed in North America. Some centuries later they wandered southward, and built a city on the banks of the Sidon, and because their leader at that time was named Zarahemla they called it the city of Zarahemla.

When the Nephites found this people they had so changed their language that the Nephites could not understand them. They had also left off worshiping the true God. To tell the truth they were in a sad state; they were going back to barbarism; in time they would have been like the Lamanites. All this arose from the fact that when they came here from Jerusalem they did not bring any records with them. So they forgot their language and also how to serve God as He would have them.

When the people came to know each other, and learned that they were

brethren of the house of Israel, the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, they joined and became one people. Then they chose Mosiah for their king. As he held the holy priesthood, and was a prophet, he taught them the ways of the Lord. One of the first things they then did was to build a temple in the city of Zarahemla. There the two peoples worshiped God and offered burnt offerings and sacrifices to His holy name. When King Mosiah died his son Benjamin was made king. Both Mosiah and Benjamin were very good men, and they were much loved by the people over whom they reigned.

Our picture shows Mosiah and his people taking their first look at the city of Zarahemla.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That many wars took place between the Nephites and the Lamanites. That by two hundred years before Christ the Lamanites had driven the Nephites far to the north of their first home. That about that time God instructed Mosiah, the king of the Nephites, to lead those of his people who would listen to him to another land. That Mosiah and his people crossed the wilderness and then traveled down the banks of the River Sidon. That on the west bank of the Sidon they found a city of which they before knew nothing. That the inhabitants of this city were a remnant of the house of Israel whom God had brought from Jerusalem in the year that the Jews were carried captive into Babylon. That these people brought no records with them, and as a result they had forgotten their language and also the true worship of God. That when the two peoples learned who each other were they united and chose Mosiah to be their king.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEB. 1, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

WORD OF WISDOM TO BE TAUGHT BY PRACTICE—IMPORTANCE OF EXAMPLE AS WELL AS PRECEPT.

QUESTIONS are asked whether persons who are in the habit of drinking hot and intoxicating drinks and using tobacco shall be selected for superintendents and teachers in the Sunday Schools.

In a recent meeting of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board these questions were answered, to the effect that persons who did not keep the Word of Wisdom should not be selected for these positions. Better to leave them vacant if no one could be found who would be suitable to act, than to put persons in charge of the children who indulge in these habits. It was felt that it is of the utmost importance that those who are brought in contact with the children should be able to set the very best example, and that it was more important for this class to be correct in their habits than almost any other class of officers in the Church.

Children notice the habits of older persons. This was illustrated the other day in a conversation which the writer had with a youth. In this conversation there was occasion to mention one of the brother's name, and this youth asked if he belonged to the Church. The reply was, "Yes, he belongs to the Church." "Well," he said, "I did not think he did, because I saw him smoking a cigar." This youth's idea was that a man who smoked a cigar could not be in good standing in the Church.

If we permit men who smoke, or drink hot and intoxicating drinks, to

teach the children or to stand in authority among them, it naturally leads children to think that it is not important whether the Word of Wisdom is observed or not.

THE writer does not wish to say anything in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that can be viewed as extreme upon this subject of the Word of Wisdom. He has never felt to find fault with aged or infirm people who have contracted the habit of using drinks that we are told are not good for man and he does not wish to indulge in any censure of those who have formed these habits. But he is very desirous that the rising generation shall grow up free from them, and that every pains shall be taken, by parents and by teachers, to impress upon the minds of the children the great advantages which they will possess by never acquiring these bad habits. We would like to see such a feeling grow up in all the families of this Church that every parent will take pleasure in having children who have never acquired the habit of using these articles, and who have never even tasted them. If every parent will take this view, and have satisfaction in training his children this way, the effect upon the rising generation will be very marked, and we shall have before very long a race of people who will be free from every habit that the Lord points out as hurtful to us.

EXPERIENCE has proved that no one can teach a principle with any success who does not practice it. A teacher in a Sunday School who violates the Word of Wisdom cannot teach the Word of Wisdom. If he attempts to do so, he appears to those who know his habits as a hypocrite. But we hear of Teachers in Wards, who are called upon to visit the Saints, who do not themselves per-

form the duties that as Teachers they are required to enforce upon the attention of the families whom they visit. It is said that there are brethren who act as Ward Teachers who do not pay their tithing. How any man in this condition can act conscientiously and sincerely as a Teacher it is difficult to understand. One of the chief duties which devolves upon a Teacher, in visiting the families of the Saints, is to inquire concerning the payment of tithing, fast offerings, etc. Now how can any man discharge this duty in a proper manner who himself neglects these requirements? Can a man who is guilty of neglecting his prayers enforce upon families whom he may visit the importance of prayer, and the benefits which flow from prayer? Can a man who is dishonest teach honesty? Can a man whose own life is that of a sinner teach others to be saints? Everyone can answer these questions for himself. It is when men feel the importance of duties so strongly that they never fail to perform them, that they are capable of teaching others their importance, and of showing them the benefits which flow to those who observe them.

One of the best tests of men's faith in the Gospel is the payment of tithing. When people neglect this duty, it is evident they are losing their faith and their zeal in the work of God, and are in a position to grow cold and indifferent concerning it, and to lose the Spirit of the Lord.

There was a time of trial some years ago, when many persons apostatized. One man of some prominence, some of whose associates fell into darkness, remained himself steadfast in the Church. Surprise was expressed on one occasion in the presence of President Young that he had not partaken of the spirit that some of his companions had fallen into.

But President Young in reply made this remark:

"Brother ——— has always been a strict observer of the law of tithing; he has paid a liberal tithing, and to this I attribute his deliverance from the spirit of apostasy which seized others with whom he associated."

This was the decision of the Prophet of the Lord concerning this case, and there is no room to question the correctness of his statement.

Men and women who pay their tithing attach themselves more firmly to the work of the Lord by so doing, and Satan has less power over them than he would have if they neglected this important duty.

EVERYTHING belonging to Japan is interesting. The Japanese have so recently emerged from the seclusion of ages, and have been so much visited by the people of other lands, that great interest is taken in the Japanese, their manners, mode of life, etc.

A French gentleman, connected with the Paris Geographical Society, has communicated some interesting facts to a Russian journal. He says that the inhabitants of Japan neither eat beef nor drink milk. They have, therefore, no use for cows. They do not ride on horseback. They have two-wheeled vehicles, but they are drawn by porters; and palanquins, in which the wealthy are carried, are also borne by porters. They have neither mules, asses, nor other beasts of burden. There are numerous dogs in the country, but they all run wild. The Japanese do not keep these for the chase nor for protection. The tame dogs that are seen in the country always belong to foreigners. The Japanese do not raise sheep, goats, or swine.

Instead of wool, they use silk, which is very cheap. Fowls are rarely seen about Japanese houses. Ducks and pigeons are still more rare. These feathered creatures are only raised to satisfy the demands of foreigners. In the suburbs of Yeddo some persons raise cattle, but not for such use as we put them to; these animals are used only for religious ceremonials; in fact, they are intended to draw the funeral car of some member of the Emperor's family who may die.

WE have had something to say in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR concerning evolution, and have expressed our views respecting this doctrine. The latest thing that we notice upon the subject is the conclusion of a German scientist that "the new woman" will have a beard some time in the remote future. A writer in *Natural Science* says that this theory is not a new one. He claims that Darwin leaves this to be inferred, that beards will be obtained in time by the females of our race. This writer says that hair on the face is shown more by the unmarried woman than by the married. He claims that each woman receives from her male parent latent beard-characters. If she have children she certainly transmits such characters to them; if she has no offspring, then the characters tend to develop in her own person. It will therefore be in the old woman and not in the "new woman" that the beard will be most prominent. This is certainly a very startling statement, that the most masculine characters should appear in those who are the greatest old maids.

This is a specimen of the nonsense indulged in by some of those who advocate evolution.

HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN AMERICA.

Calvanism.

THE middle of the 16th century is marked by a theological controversy that has influenced the minds of millions and thrown its shadow over more than three hundred years.

While Luther was still alive and the dispute concerning the real presence of the Savior's body and blood in the sacrament was still active between him and Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, another controversy arose which divided the Protestants into hostile factions. This was the doctrine of Predestination or God's Eternal Decrees. Those doctrines had been discussed by Pelagius and Augustine a thousand years before; but after the so-called Christian Church had become stereotyped and relied upon tradition and the teachings of the Fathers, but little had been heard of them. It remained for John Calvin, who in extent of learning, laborious application and force of eloquence surpassed most of his contemporaries, to give embodiment to those ideas. Calvin had settled at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1541, and the fame of his learning spread to various countries. Students from England, France, Italy and Germany flocked to the seminary of learning which he had founded.

Among others, John Knox, who is recognized as the founder of the Church of Scotland, became one of Calvin's disciples; and accordingly it adopted the doctrines, rites, and forms of ecclesiastical government established at Geneva. To these it has always adhered with the utmost uniformity and zeal.

The peculiar ideas of Calvin were explained and defended in a work now

commonly known as "Calvin's Institutes." So great was the influence that Calvin wielded that many of the Protestant sects follow his teachings to the present day. The fundamental ideas of this work may be condensed into the following statement:

God hath from all eternity chosen some of His children to everlasting life and salvation; and others He hath decreed to everlasting death and misery; and this He hath done, not because of anything they had done or would do, but of His own good pleasure and free will, and for His own everlasting glory.

This decree of God if it were true would determine some of mankind to everlasting life and some to everlasting death. Even Calvin, while professing it to be true, admitted that it was "a most horrible decree."

While we may admire the superior talents of Calvin in many respects, his vast learning and fervid eloquence, yet many a noble-minded person will drop a tear of pity because of his bigotry and intolerance. Perhaps nothing shows to a reflective mind more plainly the want of divine authority that permeated all his teachings. The public teacher or preacher who would attempt in this age of the world to promulgate such doctrines, would be hailed as a madman. Three hundred years ago there were those who perceived those errors, but were unable to drive away the mental fogs that still enwrapped human society.

Scarcely fifty years have passed since these monstrous doctrines were frequently proclaimed from American pulpits; and what is still more strange there are religious teachers even now in Salt Lake City who were induced to profess to believe these doctrines; otherwise they could not have received the

diplomas that permit them to officiate in their respective pulpits.

Of the 400 years that have elapsed since the discovery of America, the first 200 will occupy but little space in American history; but this 200 years was an era of mighty struggle in Europe. The art of printing had given an impetus to human thought. The world was awakening from its long sleep of a thousand years. Increased intelligence brought about discussion.

Many of the modern sects assumed nearly or quite their present forms. In some cases kings were taught by terrible wars the limit of their authority. All these struggles were unsettling the population of the old world. Unrest in Europe made the people ready for emigration to America. The struggle in the Netherlands sent thousands to New Netherlands, now called New York. The Huguenots of France fled to escape the terrible persecutions there. The Scotch reformers fled to escape the tyranny of the Stuarts, and these with the English Presbyterians that had followed the early Puritans made up a large proportion of the American colonists.

The law of Fatalism, for such Calvinism was in the minds of many, is sometimes conducive to acts of the greatest heroism. Bradford, Standish and Winthrop, Roger Williams and Samuel Adams were all Calvinists, who believed they were predestinated to do a certain work, and that no earthly power could destroy their lives until that work was accomplished.

The love of learning was another feature of Calvinism. John Calvin and his successor, Theodore Beza, did perhaps more for philosophical research than any other two of the early reformers. The Calvinists in America have

been noted as the founders of colleges; but alas, many of these schools have been the hotbeds for subtle arguments and useless discussion. *J. H. Ward.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT—THE "OLD" WAY AND THE "NEW."

THE labors of President Brigham Young and the leading men of the Church in founding the commonwealth of Utah are gradually being recognized and looked at in their true light. There was a time when intense prejudice prevailed everywhere in relation to the Mormon people and their methods and purposes. Everything they said and did was misrepresented and distorted. The people themselves and their methods of settling this desert country were ridiculed and held up to the censure of the general public. The people of Utah were described as non-progressive, opposed to improvement, and as being content to live without conveniences and advantages which other communities possessed. And all this because they would not contract public debts! It had been the pride of the people that the Territory and the various counties and municipalities were out of debt. Sneers were indulged in and accusations were made against them, to the effect that they were unsuited for government and for managing public affairs, because they pursued this policy, and because of their determination to keep down taxation.

Another great fault that was found with President Young was that he restrained the people and discouraged them by his advice from engaging in mining operations. Various reasons were assigned for his opposition to mining: but no one, except the members of

the Church, were willing to give him credit for the true reason he had for remonstrating with the people against spending their time and means in hunting the precious metals.

Since his death, however, and, later still, since the change in the management of the affairs of the cities and counties, there has been gradually dawning upon the minds of observing people, and especially on publicists, the fact that President Young was a statesman of a high order, and that in all his labors among the people he laid the foundation for their future happiness and prosperity. Among unprejudiced people, who look dispassionately at that which he accomplished, it is now conceded that he possessed qualities of the highest order, and that he was a statesman in the truest and highest sense of the word. Men can now perceive and freely admit that his counsel to the people to cultivate the earth, and to make sure their living, instead of running around the mountains hunting for silver and gold, displayed the highest wisdom, because it is now acknowledged that had the people deserted their farms, neglected the production of food, and devoted their time and energy to mining, the settlement of Utah, if not a failure, at least would not have been a success. After the lapse of years this is readily seen, and is frequently admitted, because experience has proved the correctness of his policy. Had his strong and powerful influence not been used in this direction, and had the people been permitted to go hither and thither, prospecting through the mountains, instead of the happy homes and the strong and healthy settlements with which Utah is now filled there would be starving villages and poor mining camps scattered throughout the state.

The Latter-day Saints in Utah have great reason to be thankful to the kind Providence which gave them such a leader as Brigham Young, and inspired him to give the wise counsels that he constantly imparted unto them.

His expressed views as to the proper methods of managing municipal and county affairs, as well as the affairs of the Territory, had much weight with public men. He used his great influence while he was Governor of the Territory to keep down expenses, and to check all tendency towards extravagance or the contracting of public debts. It is true that there might have been more improvements in streets in later years; but after his death it was still thought better to keep down taxation, and keep the cities and counties out of debt, than to rush into extravagant improvements. Discontented with this condition of affairs, and anxious to have a change and to gain control of the government of the city, a certain class of politicians succeeded in getting into power. For years the people of Salt Lake City and other places have been groaning under heavy taxes and debt until it is almost impossible at the present time for many people to retain the ownership of their places of abode. Many are compelled to borrow money to pay their taxes, and it seems inevitable that in a very short time they will have to part with their homes and move out where land is cheaper. The old policy of keeping down taxation so that widows and people of small means could retain their places has been abandoned, with the result that the poor are oppressed. If this ruinous policy be continued, it will change these people who have their small homes and who rejoice in the ownership of their own lots, into tenants, paying rent to a class of rich

landowners. But even the rich are feeling the pressure of heavy taxation. There is much dissatisfaction existing in relation to this subject. All classes feel that the taxes are burdensome, and they turn their attention to former days, and many are outspoken in their admiration of the way in which affairs were then conducted. There are not a few non-Mormons, old residents of this city, who do not hesitate to say that the old method of managing affairs, when the Mormons were in control, was far better than that which has since prevailed.

I allude to this in this manner to call the attention of the adult readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to that which has taken place. Whatever standing and reputation the State of Utah possesses today, I may say without qualification, is due to the policy which was pursued by President Young and his associates.

The wisdom of their plans and the success of their methods in building up this country cannot now be disputed. It is admitted on all sides that the affairs of Utah were most admirably conducted, and that the highest wisdom was displayed in their management while the Latter-day Saints had control. We were a prosperous, contented, and highly favored people. We were, as communities, out of debt. We were lightly taxed. Poor men owned their own homes. They had their own gardens and orchards. They were encouraged to improve their property, and to make their domiciles more comfortable and attractive.

These were the results of the direction and the management of the leaders of the Latter-day Saints. They were, it is true, men who held ecclesiastical position; but they were also practical men—men of affairs. They knew how

to build up a community, and to make it successful. It was through their prudence and good management that the settlements which now extend from north to south throughout these mountain valleys have been successful. Many of them were founded under the most adverse and trying circumstances. But the good counsel of these men, their shrewdness, their thrift, and the examples which they set, have resulted in the permanent establishment and maintenance of settlements in parts of the country which otherwise would have remained in their desert condition for long years yet to come.

After what has been achieved, it might be thought that the people who were the beneficiaries of this successful management of affairs would have had entire confidence in the men who had in this manner displayed such high and reliable qualities. But it is a fact—one that is strange to contemplate, and which will be wondered at in time to come—that a large number of the Latter-day Saints have thrown aside these men and their counsels, have considered them as no longer worthy to be guides, and have followed as leaders men who are utterly unfit, by training, experience, or anything else, to point out to them the path to be pursued in safety. It is an astonishing fact that in this City of Salt Lake, as well as elsewhere, men who call themselves Latter-day Saints, and who ought to have experience sufficient to show them who their true friends are and to whom they might look for suggestions, have deliberately turned their backs upon these tried men, and have accepted as leaders and guides persons utterly destitute of every qualification of this character, and whose only claim to leadership is that they have allied themselves with political parties, and have

impudently thrust themselves forward and assumed leadership and taken upon themselves authority to dictate in affairs which they are utterly incompetent to handle. It would be incredible, if it were not seen, that such a condition could exist; yet in this city we have striking exhibitions of its prevalence.

What the result will be is easy to foresee. We have the proof of that in the condition of affairs that at present exists in this unfortunate, tax-ridden, debt-burdened city. Such men as now assume leadership have capacity to pull down, but not the ability nor wisdom to build up.

It is fifty years since Salt Lake Valley was settled. Fifty years filled with experience! A work was achieved in founding Salt Lake City and other places in Utah that excites the admiration of all who become familiar with the history of that period. Step by step the people marched forward, from extreme poverty and destitution to plenty and comfort. Thousands of people, many of them ignorant of our language, all of them ignorant of our habits and our modes of life, came to Utah. They were absorbed in the community. They obtained land. They built homes. They surrounded themselves with comforts. Beggary and pauperism were unknown. The people, aided by the example and experience of others, learned to sustain themselves under the new conditions which surrounded them; and for long years progress was made in every direction. Then a change took place. A new element asserted itself, claimed superiority, did all in its power to ridicule and belittle that which had previously been accomplished. As far as possible they obtained control of the government. The results are before the people. This class have shown their

utter incapacity to rule. They have plunged the country into debt. They have mismanaged all its affairs. They have transformed a thriving and prosperous land into a country of oppression for all classes, but especially for the poor. Notwithstanding this spectacle is one to be seen of all, there are men who call themselves Latter-day Saints who would rather follow the guidance and leadership of such men than they would of others who have in every direction displayed their capacity for building up a happy and progressive commonwealth.

The Editor.

A GREAT FAMINE.

THE second year of the Pioneers' occupation of this valley was in some respects harder than the first one, for it not only failed to bring about a decided advance in the matter of comfortable living, but found the people shorter of provisions than ever, which, with the somewhat increased population, made things take on a serious aspect. Expedients of various kinds were resorted to, none of which, it may readily be understood, resulted in anything of a decidedly advantageous character. It was a trying time, much more so than this writer, or I believe any other, is able to depict, or would be able, even had he been here at the time. It has been, in a fragmentary manner, represented to me many times, and while comprehending in a general way something of its rigors and terrors, a certain intuition tells me that much more remained behind the showing made. The best account of it in a concise form that I have been able to find is that which appears in the first volume of Whitney's History, which gives so much information without trespassing greatly on the

space allowed to this article that room is here given to it:

"But now came a visitation as terrible as it was totally unexpected. It was the cricket plague. In May and June of that year [1848] myriads of these destructive pests, an army of famine and despair, rolled in black legions down the mountain sides and attacked the fields of growing grain. The tender crops fell an easy prey to their fierce voracity. They literally swept everything before them. Starvation with all its terrors seemed staring the poor settlers in the face. In the northern sections the situation was much the same, though at Brownville, on the Weber, the ravages of the crickets were not so great.

"With the energy of desperation, the community, men, women and children, thoroughly alarmed, marshaled themselves to fight and if possible repel the rapacious foe. While some went through the fields killing the crickets, and at the same time, alas! crushing much of the tender grain, others dug ditches around the farms, turned water into the trenches, and drove and drowned therein myriads of the black devourers. Others beat them back with clubs and brooms, or burned them in fires set in the fields. Still they could not prevail. Too much headway had been gained by the crickets before the gravity of the situation was discovered, and in spite of all that the settlers could do, their hopes of a harvest were fast vanishing, and with those hopes the very hope of life.

"They were saved, they believed, by a miracle—just such a miracle as, according to classic tradition, saved ancient Rome, when the cackling of geese roused the slumbering city in time to beat back the invading Gauls. In the midst of the work of destruction, when it

seemed as if nothing could stay the devastation, great flocks of gulls appeared, filling the air with their white wings and plaintive cries, and settled down upon the half-ruined fields. At first it seemed as if they came but to destroy what the crickets had left. But their real purpose was soon apparent. They came to prey upon the destroyers. All day long they gorged themselves, and when full, disgorged and feasted again, the white gulls upon the black crickets, like hosts of heaven and hell contending, until the pests were vanquished and the people were saved. The heaven-sent birds then returned to the lake islands whence they came, leaving the grateful people to shed tears of joy at the wonderful and timely deliverance wrought out for them."

It began to look as if the people were to become inured to all kinds of hard times before being permitted to enjoy anything in the line of good ones, and so it proved to be. One misfortune, to paraphrase "Hamlet," trod upon another's heels, so fast they came. Yet there was no falling off to speak of, and not as much complaining as there is today, with abundance prevailing on every hand and comfort smiling from all corners. The indurating experiences of the people bound them together and kept ever before them the sacred compact by which their life-work was gauged and directed, just as luxuriousness and possessions have tended to loosen up and cause a drifting apart in many instances.

It was a long time before there was enough of even breadstuffs to enable the people to look upon their situation with entire complacency and confidence, and until that time came there were many sorrowful and doubtless some terrible occasions. During one of these years,

and when destitution in the matter of food supply was so nearly reached that it seemed as if the experiences of '48 were to be gone over again, President Young came to the rescue in a manner so effective and yet so quiet that it is doubtful if any of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR have even heard of it. (I gain information from the President's steward-in-chief at that time, H. G. Park, who alone was made the means of carrying the plan out.) It was already a time of the greatest scarcity, but a prophetic eye could see that the worst was to come. There was still some little flour for sale in the stores and elsewhere, but it was held at such a price that, so far as the majority were concerned, it might as well have had no existence at all. It was then that the President told Brother Park to take some money with which he had entrusted him, buy up all the flour he could find for sale, put it away in a safe place, and whenever a case of actual want came to his notice to relieve it at once without pay. Not a pound was to be sold by him at any price, and no family or member of one—the President's own not excepted—was to be favored more than any other under similar circumstances. By this means much suffering was averted and perhaps in some cases starvation itself was kept at bay. As this is not a fancy sketch, it shows the great leader in a light which must be new to even some of those who knew him well; it illustrates a phase of character which, coupled with the sterner and more aggressive qualities of life, make the creation man truly a paragon of animals, the fit associate of those whose names are of "the brave, the immortal few that were not born to die."

S. A. Kenner.

Our Little Folks.

BABY DRILL.

STAND, my darlings, all hands down;
Right to eyes, and watch for pa.
Smile though, Grace and Bess, don't
frown;
Left to ear, and hark for ma.
All hands up, and Ah! ha! ha!

Hush! Don't scream so, Baby Nan;
That's not singing; wait and see.
All stand straight like Grace and Ann;
Ready now, and follow me;
All hands up, and E! he! he!



ANN.

BESS.

NANNIE.

NELL.

GRACE.

That was better. Arms straight out;
Wave them now as if to fly;
Go on, Nell, don't stop to pout;
You can do it if you'll try.
All hands up, and I! hi! hi!

Now all seated. each in place;
Nannie in the center, so;
Ann and Bess, and Nell and Grace;
Five little ladies in a row.
All hands up, and Oh! ho! ho!

Hands all folded now in lap.
Sh! all quiet, count one, two;
Forward hands, and clap, clap, clap.
All hands up, and Oo! hoo! hoo!
Drill is finished; that will do.

Lula.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

PAROWAN, UTAH, Dec., 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Our Primary teacher asked some of the little folks here to write to you, so I thought I would. We have a good Primary. Our teachers are very kind. We have lessons from the Gospel Primer. I am in the Primary Department in Sunday School. We have learned the Lord's Prayer, the Articles of Faith, and the blessings on the Sacrament. This is the first time I have written a letter. I will close now.

Your new friend,

Willie Connell. Age 9 years.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am a new friend to you. I go to school and read the Pioneer Book, but not the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I am a Mormon boy. I got baptized and confirmed by Brother Cardon and Brother Nelson. The name of the creek near by our house in which I was baptized is Pleasant Run.

I feel very happy because I am a Mormon boy, and because the Lord gave me the gift of the Holy Ghost. Oh, I couldn't tell you how happy I feel! Some of the Elders hold meetings here, and I come to listen to them.

Sometimes some of the Elders come to our house and some times I come to them. My mother and sister are Mormons, too. But my father and my big-

gest sister are not. I hope both of them will get baptized just as we did. I came from New York and live now in Indianapolis. I hope some time I will be in Utah or in Idaho.

Eddie Faltings.

1817 Ringgold St., Indianapolis, Ind.

PAYSON, Dec., 15th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: My brother takes the JUVENILE, and I thought I would write a letter. I go to school and am in the Third Reader. I help mamma in the morning and after school at night. I have four brothers and one sweet baby sister. My birthday is on the same day as President Joseph Smith's; the 23rd of this month I will be ten years old. I will close, wishing all the readers of the JUVENILE a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Hattie Higham.

PERRY, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am eight years old, and my papa baptized me on my birthday. I have five brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother is in Indianapolis on a mission. I have a baby brother a year old named Clarence. I read in the First Reader in School.

Your friend,

Cora Hale.

LEHI CITY, UTAH,

December 30th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I enjoy reading the little letters, and will try to write one. My cousin William Winn's little twin, Vernie, died December 28th, very suddenly. He was playing with his twin sister, Vergie, on the south side of the house, and his mother heard a very queer sound. She went out and he was lying on the ground. She picked him up, took him in the house

and in twenty minutes he was dead. He seemed just as well as he could be. He was nearly four years old.

Your new Friend,

Zella M. Wanlass. Aged 11 years.

DEAR CHILDREN.—A death so sudden as Zella tells us about is not so often heard of among children as among older people. But it shows that even little ones may go without notice being given, and should be a warning to us all.

L. L. G. R.

PINETOP, A. T.,

January 3rd, 1898.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have been reading the letters of the little girls and boys, and thought I would write. I live in a little town. My mother has four children and I am the oldest, next comes my sister Frances who is nine years old, then my brother, Clark who is seven years old and then another brother, Horace, who is two years old.

I am going to school and I am in the fourth reader. I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From Your New Friend,

Annie E. Hansen. Aged 11 years.

SPANISH FORK, FIRST WARD,

December 29th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX.—My mamma takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I love to read the little letters in it. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary. We have a good Primary President, her name is Sister Wilkins. We had a Primary dance yesterday, and had a nice time. I am eight years old. I go to school and learn all I can. My papa is on a mission.

He has been gone over two years and

a half. I had a good time on Christmas. I hope all the little children had a good time.

Your new friend,

Martha L. Holt.

SALT LAKE CITY,

December 3rd, 1897.

I go to Sunday School, and I learned this little prayer to say in Sunday School. I love to learn about the Lord and His laws, for I want to be a good girl so that I can be baptized when I am eight years old.

"EVENING PRAYER.

"I'm tired, and will go to rest,
Safe folded in my little nest.
Heavenly Father, may Thine eye,
Above my bed watch very nigh,
Forgive the wrong this day I've done,
For Jesus' sake, thine only Son;
And may His blood, once shed for me,
From all that's sinful make me free.
Bless father, mother, brother dear,
All whom I love, both far and near,
Bless all thy children great and small,
I pray Thee, Father of us all."

Nellie Broadbent. Aged 7 years.

Seventh Ward.

OSSENEKE, MICHIGAN.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I will write a letter to the little folks. I am ten years of age, and I am in the third reader. I have three sisters and four brothers. My sisters names are Mary, Lillie, and Josephine; and my brothers names are Carl, Frank, Wolfred and Joseph. We live beside a little lake. We have good fun in the winter skating on it.

I am not a Mormon yet, but I hope I will be when I get a full understanding of the Gospel's truth.

I will now close as Sister Richards says our letters must be short.

Your true friend,

Ellenora Larsen.

RADFORD, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND,

January 1st, 1898.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the little letters in the INSTRUCTOR which is lent to us by President Thomas Bailey. We have a very nice Sunday School although there are not many children. We read the Bible and we have learned the Articles of Faith, and are now learning the Deseret Sunday School Leaflets. My brother is writing a letter and I thought I would like to write one, too. I am seven years old and seven months. Wishing you a Happy New Year,

I am your little friend,

Florence Mabel Henson.

MATTHEWS, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

January 8, 1898.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—This is the first time I ever wrote to the Letter-Box, but I will try to do the best I can. I was sick Christmas and could not have much enjoyment. I hope other girls were not the same, but had a merry Christmas. I have four brothers and one sister. My sister is dead, so I am the only girl. I am going to School and I am in the third reader. I like to go to school and to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Good by little, friends.

Martha Ann Waddill.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I want to tell you about a good old ox that my grand-papa had. He was called Nig because he was black all over. He came to Salt Lake City with Johnston's Army. He went back for the emigrants four times. He knew where the best feeding places

were because he crossed the plains so many times. When he was unyoked he used to lead all the other oxen to the best feeding places. Sometimes he would lead them across a river.

One of his drivers liked him so well that he said he would share his last biscuit with him.

This is my first letter, and perhaps I will write again if this letter is good enough to print.

Your new friend,
Lula P. Griggs. Aged 9 years.

FINGERS P.O., BENTON CO., MISS.
December 10th, 1897.

DEAR EDITOR: Here I come asking a little space in your valuable paper. I am a little boy that lives in Mississippi. I live in the low lands. I am ten years old, and as happy a little Mormon as you ever heard of. Perhaps you will think me a young convert to the truth. But if we children ever make men of ourselves we must begin young.

I have heard the Elders preach, and I do think they give us some good instructions. If we follow them we will gain eternal life. I suppose the little boys and girls of Utah do not see much cotton. I pick cotton, and hoe, too. When it is open it is pretty. It looks like a bank of snow. How I would like to go to Utah and see President Woodruff and hear the Apostles of God in these days. There will be a conference held in this state in January. There will be two Apostles present.

Yours respectfully,
Walburn White.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am a little girl and live away down here in Mississippi. I am a Mormon and have to read the

letters written by the children in Utah. I wish I could see them. Pa and ma and my brothers and sisters are members of the Church. We have a nice Sunday School, and we like to study our lessons. We are pleased to meet with the Elders. It seems so nice when they are with us. They have baptized five since Sunday, one was my school mate. How happy I was when she joined. President Brummare and Elder Rodney Ashley are at our house now. Elder Ashley seems like our own brother. We are sorry when they have to go among strangers. Some are not kind to them. I have to pick cotton sometimes. I often wish you children could see a cotton field, it is so white and pretty. I like to read the JUVENILE. I would like to see President Woodruff and all the good men. Apostles Lyman and Cowley are coming in our state. I hope I can get to see and hear them. I am twelve years old. I want to be a good Latter-day Saint.

Mattie White.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell you a story about my aunt and what she got for not minding her mother.

One day she was playing with her cousins next door, and her mother called her home and told her not to go over there again that day; but in a little while she was over there again. Pretty soon she heard her mother calling her, and she ran to try not to let her mother know that she had been over there. They were playing with sticks, and as she ran she stumbled over and ran a stick in one part of his cheek and out of the other.

Your Friend,
Edith Grant. Aged 12 years.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair

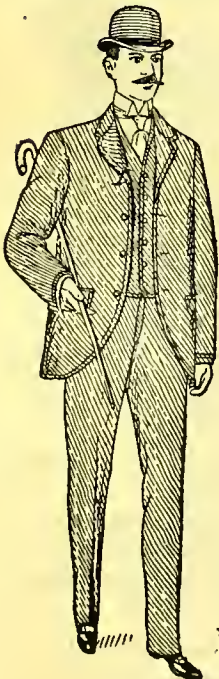
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.

ODD LOTS IN MEN'S SUITS



Some 300 suits in this lot and every one a top notch value. We want no hold overs here. They're the best values we've had this season, but the lots are broken. Only a few sizes of each left, so they must be cleaned out. This is how we propose to do it:

\$ 9.00 suit for \$ 7.50
10.00 suit for 7.50
12.00 suit for 9.00
15.00 suit for 11.50
18.00 suit for 13.50
20.00 suit for 14.50
25.00 suit for 19.00

Every over coat and ulster in the house must be sold. Big cut in prices.

ONE PRICE.

J. P. GARDNER,

136-138 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Keep Money at Home

By Insuring in the

HOME FIRE OF UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.,

General Agents.



Dr. J. B. Keysor

DENTAL PARLORS.

1-2-3-4

240 Main St., First Door North of Walker House.

DENTISTRY UP TO
→DATE

Good Set of Teeth	\$ 8.00
Best Set, No Better Made	10.00
Amalgam or Silver Fillings	1.00
Gold Fillings	From 1.00 up.
Teeth Cleaned	1.00
Solid Gold Crown	5.00

Come in the morning and wear your new teeth home at night.

GOLD BRIDGE WORK,

COST PER TOOTH, \$5.00

PORCELAIN CROWNS,

CAN'T BE TOLD FROM NATURAL TEETH, \$5.00

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

We Challenge Competition in this Specialty either as to Price or Quality of Work at any Price.



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 1st, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	9:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:10 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	5:15 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

TICKET OFFICE, 103 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET.

POSTOFFICE CORNER.

D. C. DODGE, S. H. BABCOCK, F. A. WADLEIGH,
Gen'l Manager, Traffic Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

THE UTAH IMPLEMENT CO.

Is the cheapest house in Utah to purchase Mitchell Wagons, Carriages, Malone Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Harness, Whips, and in fact anything wanted on the Farm. Give us a call and be convinced.

S. PETERSON, MANAGER.

231 State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

R. K. THOMAS

48 & 50 MAIN STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY

Dry Goods, Shoes, Notions, etc.

THE LEADING CASH HOUSE

R. K. THOMAS

Oregon Short Line R. R.,

Operating 1421 miles of Railroad
through the thriving States of

UTAH, IDAHO, WYOMING,
OREGON and MONTANA.

THE ONLY ROAD

to BUTTE, HELENA, PORTLAND,
and the North Pacific Coast.

Four Daily Trains Between
SALT LAKE CITY and OGDEN

The POPULAR LINE to all Utah Mining Districts
THE ONLY ROAD TO MERCUR.

THE FASTEST SERVICE

In Connection with the

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Buy your tickets via the "SHORT LINE,"
Utah's Fastest and Best Railroad.

City Ticket Office, 100 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City.

S. W. ECCLES, D. E. BURLEY,
Gen'l Traffic Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt
W. H. BANCROFT,
Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.

We Have'em on the List.

Peoples Co-op	Lehi
American Fork Co-op.....	American Fork
G. S. Wood Mer, Co.....	Springville
Spanish Fork Co-op.....	Spanish Fork
A. S. Huish.....	Payson
Cooper, Pyper & Co.....	Nephi
S. P. Eggertsen Co.....	Provo
Fairview Co-op.....	Fairview
O. F. Coolidge.....	Manti
J. S. Jensen.....	Salina
O. P. Borg.....	Richfield
Hammond & Co.....	Moah

The celebrated FULLER-WARREN CO's
STOVES and STEEL RANGES are on sale
with all of the above; also at our Branches, Idaho
Falls and Montpelier, Idaho, Logan and Ogden,
Utah and in this city.

We show greater variety than any house west
of Chicago.

Our reference as to quality is the thousands of
customers who have purchased FULLER-WAR-
REN STOVES & RANGES from us in the past
few years.

CO-OP WAGON & MACHINE CO.

Exclusive agents "Common Sense Sleds,"
Utah and Idaho.

GEO. T. ODELL, GEN. MGR.



LION DRUG STORE

No. 302 South State Street have the exclusive sale in Salt Lake of **Victor's Anti-Dyspeptic Powder**. If taken regularly for a few weeks will completely eradicate every trace of the troubles arising from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramps, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Souring or Rising of Foods, and all diseases that arise from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels yield at once to the healing powers of

Victor's Anti-Dyspeptic Powder.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY,

Which is now located at 317 Main Street, Can supply you with anything in their line of Breakfast Cereals and Crackers, such as Graham and Oatmeal and Whole Wheat, Gluten and Oatmeal Wafers; also Vowel's Ralston Flower. Call and examine our goods and then buy them of your Grocer.

We also carry a full line of the Sanitarium Medicated Foods for Dyspeptics, Invalids and Infants, which can be obtained by calling at their depot at

317 MAIN STREET,

FELT BROS., Mgrs.



FRED BARROW,

C. S. MARTIN.

"COAL UP!" Have you filled your Coal Bins with Coal for the Fall and Winter? If not give us your orders. We GUARENTEE to give you GOOD CLEAN COAL and FULL WEIGHT.

Note the address:

C. S. MARTIN COAL CO.

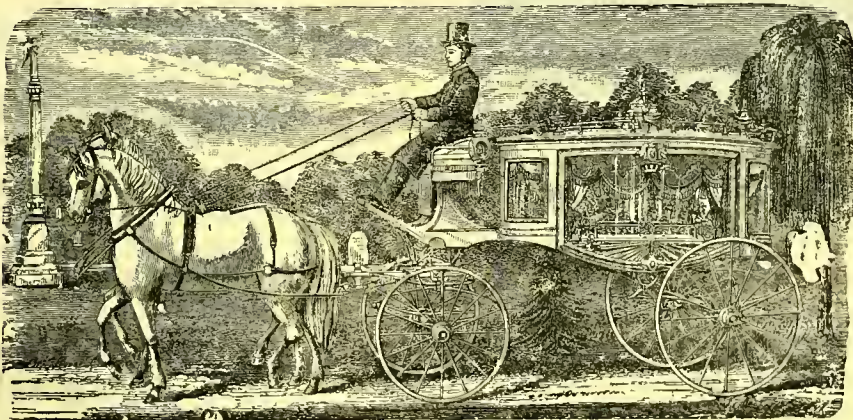
No. 4 West First South Street.

Yard 'Phone 596.

Office 'Phone 520.



Joseph E. Taylor, Pioneer Undertaker of Utah.



Established 1862.

Established 1862.

Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of Metallic, Wood and Cloth Covered Coffins and Caskets.

Full line of Coffin Furnishings kept constantly on hand.

Telephone and telegraph orders promptly filled. Open Day and Night.

Factory and Warerooms No. 253 E. 1st South, one and a half blocks east of Theatre.

It Will Pay You ❀ ❀

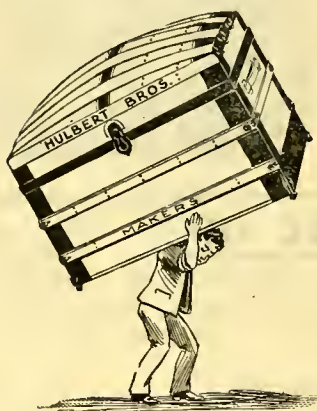
To examine our show cases and see our superior work to others. Then come and have your Photos taken by us. Cabinet frame \$2.00 to \$3.00 per dozen. Best work.

P. S.—Do not send your Photograph east or give them to an agent to have them enlarged. Come to us first and see ours and compare with those you have had done by agents, and you will give us your orders.

MATSON BROS.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

212½ STATE ST., SALT LAKE CITY.



The Young Men—

That contemplate going on missions will find at our manufacturing establishment the finest line of **Traveling Bags** and **Trunks** in the city at prices below competition. We make especially low prices to elders going on missions. We carry everything in the line of Bags, Valises, and Gents Toilet and Manicure Sets.

HULBERT BROS.

232 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.



W. S. PIERCE,

DEALER IN

SCHOOL DESKS, BLACKBOARDS, MAPS,
CHARTS, GLOBES, ETC.

No waiting for goods. Lowest Prices. Send your orders in before the sizes you want are gone.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

501, 505, & 507 CONSTITUTION BUILDING.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

AMERICAN BISCUIT & MANUF'G CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO UTAH CRACKER FACTORY.

HENRY WALLACE, Mgr

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

Silver Brand of Fine Crackers.

442 S. 2nd West St., Salt Lake City.

BURN—

Castle Gate and

Winter Quarters

COAL

"The Best in the Market."

MINED IN UTAH

P. V. GOAL COMP'NY

D. J. SHARP, Agent

73 SO. MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE 429.

SALT LAKE NURSERY CO.

INCORPORATED

State Road between 11th and 12th South St.



PARK AND
LANDSCAPE
GARDENING

Growers and Importers of Choice Nursery Stock.

POST
OFFICE
BOX 417.



M. CHRISTOPHERSON, MANAGER.
Utah Commercial and Savings Bank.

F. Auerbach & Bro

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY,
CARPETS, SHOES, ETC.

Established 1864. One Price to All.



THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

Trains Leave and arrive Salt Lake City as follows:
(In effect March 16, 1897.)

LEAVE:

"The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St.
Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City,
Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a. m
"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis,
Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p. m

ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St.
Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver
and Park City..... 3 10 p. m
"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul,
St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and
Denver..... 3 30 a. m

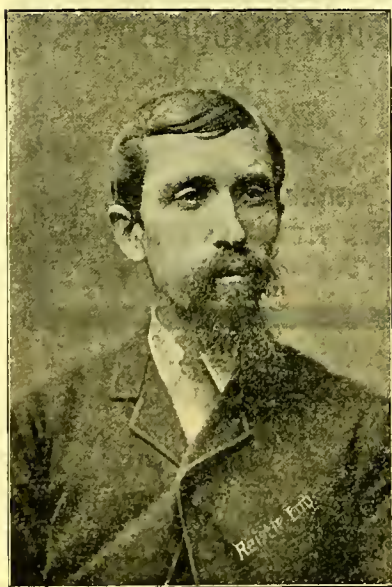
City Ticket Office 201 Main St., Salt Lake City.
Telephone No. 665.

Only one night on the road to Omaha, two nights
to Chicago and St. Louis. Other lines one night ad-
ditional.

The Union Pacific is the only line through to above
points without change of cars, and the only line
operating Buffet Smoking and Library Cars and
Pullman Dining Cars, with 11 and 12 hours quickest
time to Mo. Riv. and Chicago respectively.

H. M. CLAY,
General Agent.

Does This Interest You?



Suits Made to Order from \$15 and Up.

Nothing neater, or more lasting, or better fit-
ting in stylish suits can be made than is made by
a skillful and experienced tailor. We don't claim
to be the only tailors on earth, but we believe
there is not a tailor East or West who can turn
out anything better in the suit line than we can.
Experience is one thing in our favor, especially
in the cutting, which is the most difficult thing in
tailoring. Full Dress Suits a specialty.

JOHN HAGMAN & SON,

Fashionable Tailors,

172 STATE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

Salt Lake Hot Springs Sanitarium Co.

Private
Plunges
and Tub
Baths.

The Baths are Recommended
by all the Leading Physi-
cians of the city.

EVERYTHING First-Class
and run in a Genteel Man-
ner. The Ladies Hair Dressing
and Massage Department is
Superior in its appointments.
Mrs. Albrich, the Matron,
gives Massage Steam and Elec-
tric Baths. Swimming Lessons
for Ladies and Children. Rus-
sian Baths and Massage for
Men.

The Towels and Suits are
washed by the Empire Steam
Laundry.

TWO LONG POOLS.



G. W. HARVEY, M. D.,

54 W. 3rd South Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Just added an elegant Sulphur
Turkish Bath and Treatment
Room for the treatment and
cure of Rheumatism, Diabetes,
Brights Disease, Catarrh of Nose,
Throat or Stomach, Dysentery,
Dyspepsia, Lead Poisoning,
Obesity, Gravel, Nervous Pro-
stration from any cause, Par-
alysis, Bronchitis, Blood Poison-
ing or Liquor Habit.

A thoroughly competent Phy-
sician and Surgeon is in charge
who will diagnose and prescribe
for patients, and any one in
need of medical or sanitary aid
cannot do better than take a
course of treatment at our sani-
tarium.

For further particulars call
upon or write the consulting
physician.

The one thing you miss at your breakfast
Table (FRESH ROASTED COFFEE)
can be found at

THOMAYER & STEPHENSON,
Tea and Coffee House.



We Roast all our Coffee. Goods delivered to all parts of City
41 South West Temple St.,
SALT LAKE CITY.



Mail us your exposed films to finish.
Order your fresh films from us. Note our
address, it is simply

THE JOHNSON CO., Salt Lake, Utah.



ERECTED BY ELIAS MORRIS & SONS CO.,
MONT OLIVET CEMETARY.

ELIAS MORRIS & SONS CO.

GRANITE AND MARBLE

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

MANTLES, GRATES, ETC.

WRITE FOR PRICES AND DESIGNS

21 to 31 W. South Temple St, SALT LAKE CITY.

H. W. BROWN

T. R. BLACK.

Salt Lake Saddlery Co.

HOME MANUFACTURERS OF

HARNESS and SADDLERY

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Dealers in



Saddlery, Hardware,

Leather, Whips,

Season Goods, Etc.

**THE ONLY UP-TO-DATE FACTORY AND
HARNESS STORE IN THE
STATE.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

17 W. Second South Street.

State Street Shoe Store

Is the place for Bargains in

 **SHOES**

We have a real nobby solid stock shoe for boys and girls at \$1.00. Can't be beat. We are the friends of the working man. Here is what we have for you: A solid full stock Grain Leather Shoe for \$1.15 and up. A fine ladies shoe at \$1.50 and up. Impossible to duplicate. We also carry a complete line of

FINE GOODS   

at prices lower than has ever been offered in this city. Give us a call. In connection we run a first class shoe repairing shop.

STATE STREET SHOE STORE,

217 STATE STREET.

THE CRAGER WIRE AND IRON WORKS,



Iron and Steel
Fences,
Flower Stands,
Window Grands

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF
Fancy Wire

—AND—

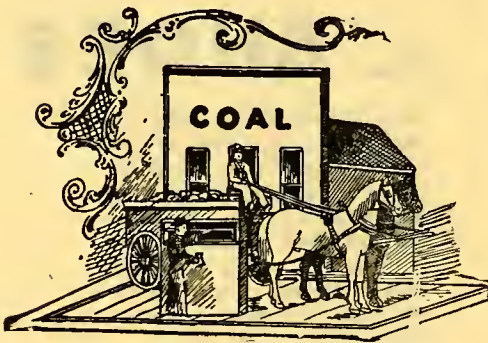
✿ Iron Work.

Can furnish References from Leading Firms in City and State.

We make a specialty of Cemetery and City Lot fences, in endless design and will guarantee our prices lower than the same quality of fence can be laid down for from the east. If you want anything in this line we should be pleased to have you call at our factory, 54 Market Street, or write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

HOLT & SONS

COAL DEALERS



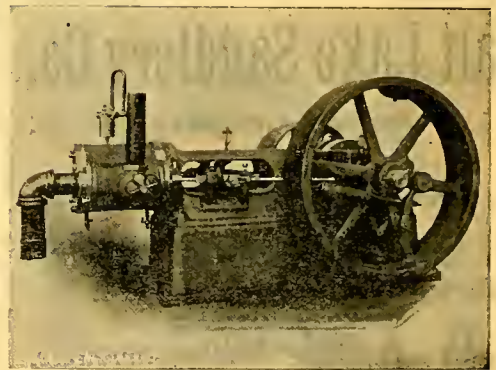
There are three reasons why you should buy your coal from us:

We will give your orders prompt attention; Good Clean Coal; and Full Weight guaranteed.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL.

Yard 'Phone 107. Up town office 220 Main St.

HOLT & SONS.



CLIMAX STEAM ENGINE.

SILVER BROS.

Builders of all kinds of Mining Machinery,

Iron Works, Machine Shop and Foundry. Make all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings and Forgings. Can furnish all kinds of Mining Machinery. Mining Cars with self-oiling Axles and Wheels, also Iron Architectural Work in all its branches. We have lately added to our plant machines for Grinding and Corrugating Flour Mills Rollers. Agents for Miller Duplex Pumps. Office and works at

149 W. North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Up town office, 77, 79, South Temple Street
Telephone 456.



HOME-MADE GOODS ARE THE BEST AND IN THE END THE CHEAPEST.

1898
Men's all Wool Suits
Home-Made.
7.50, 10.00, 12.50, 15.00

1898
Children's all-Wool
Suits, 4 to 13 years
3.00, 4.00, 45.0.

1898
Single and Double
Shawls
1000 Shoulder Shawls.

Youths all-Wool Suits,
ages 13 to 19
Home-Made.
6.50, 7.50, 8.50, 10.00

Ladies, Misses and
Child's Hose
Home-Made
20c., to 40c. per pair.

Men's Home-Made
Hats, better and
cheaper than Eastern

Our Mills are selling an immense amount of Cloth to Eastern Tailors. Be patriots and wear a Home-Made Suit. We guarantee a first-class fit and first-class trimmings. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS BY MAIL.

Cutler Bros, Agents Provo Woolen Mills,
36 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

HEADQUARTERS FOR   

PIANOS and ORGANS,
GUITARS, MANDOLINS, Etc.,
SHEET MUSIC and MUSICAL
MERCHANDISE.
SEWING MACHINES,
BICYCLES,



Largest Stock in the State.
Cheapest Place to Buy.

YOUNG BROS. CO.,
SALT LAKE CITY.

DAYNES & COALTER.
THE SALT LAKE MUSIC DEALERS



Now occupy the former location of COALTER & SNEL-
GROVE. PIANOS \$10 per month. ORGANS \$7 per
month. Publishers of the L. D. S. Anthem Book. Cata-
logue free. [DAYNES & COALTER, 74 Main Street.



There is
no substitute for
ROYAL
Baking Powder.



The Henry Dinwoody Furniture Company

Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Furniture, Carpets,
Wall Paper, Stoves and Crockery. ~~~~~

37 W. First South Street,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Z. C. M. I. ~~~~~

It is well known that this famous Institution was
originally organized for the importation of

General Merchandise

Growing continuously, it is now the most reliable
place in Utah for the purchaser of Dress and Dry
Goods, Notions, Wraps and Garments, Boots, Shoes
and Clothing, Carpets and Wall Paper, Groceries,
Stationery, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Glass,
Stoves, Ranges, Tools, Drugs, etc., whether the
intent to buy at WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

T. G. WEBBER, Superintendent.

SOUND REASONING.

Many are using Three Crown Baking Powder, Three Crown Triple Flavoring Extracts and Pure Home Ground Spices, and many are not; and to those who are using them we extend our hearty thanks and gratitude. To those who are not using our preparations, we ask them to kindly give the goods a fair and honest trial. Remember, you take no risk in buying anything branded "Three Crown," for the grocer has the money to refund if you are not convinced they are equal to the very best on the market. Bear in mind that we do not ask you to buy these goods because they are home made, but because you are receiving better value than in sending for eastern goods, and you also have the satisfaction of supporting a worthy home industry which gives employment to many hands. Support the home industries you have and many more will start. Ask your grocer for Three Crown Baking Powder, Triple Flavoring Extracts and Pure Home Ground Spices and refuse all substitutes.

HEWLETT BROS. COMPANY.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

Branch House, Pocatella, Idaho.

Salt Lake City, Utah.